The Bystander, February 25, 1920 No. 847. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER

STALE-MATE—WHILE THE CHEESE LASTS!

THE RAT IN THE DUTCH CHEESE: "The affairs of this world trouble me no more"

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541.) 2.30 and 7.45
ADA REEVE, VIOLET VANBRUGH in "GREAT AUNT ELIZABETH," MARGARET COOPER, GEORGE TULLY in RUDYARD KIPLING'S Play "THE HARBOUR WATCH," PAGE'S DOLLS, OSBORNE & PERRYER, Etc.

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CLARA BUTTERWORTH. JAMIESON DODDS.
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ARTHUR WONTNER. NORMAN McKINNEL.

LYRIC. Gerrard 3687.
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By Richard Walton Tully
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Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

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During the period from midnight of Monday, the 23rd day of Feb., 1920, until midnight of Wednesday, the 3rd day of March 1920, the holder of the Coupon is entitled to the benefits of the Coupon Insurance-Ticket published in full in the issue of THE BYSTANDER of Feb 11, 1920, as if it had been published in this issue, but subject to the conditions therein contained, and provided the usual signature of such holder shall have been written in the space provided underneath before the accident.

Signature of holder.....

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Plain Words about the Opera

WE are to have a six weeks' Opera Season at Covent Garden, under our only Sir Thomas Beecham, beginning with *Parsifal*. The advertisement of the *répertoire* leaves one with this reflection. If the stage followed the example set by the producers of opera, we should have nothing later than plays of the '60's, '70's, and '80's of the last century as the general programme, with here and there the work of a dramatist who had won success abroad—but only here and there.

Season after season, year after year, the people who give us opera, give us practically the same *répertoire*, just as if Wagner, Verdi, and Mozart had written the ultimate notes of any possible opera-score. Mascagni, Puccini, and Leoncavello have been admitted into the charmed circle, but only because of the *imprimatur* placed upon their work abroad. English composers of opera are rarely given a chance in the English opera-house. Dr. Ethel Smyth's operas are sung repeatedly throughout Germany and Austria. Here they have been given only a few performances, and those of a most makeshift kind.

Of course, opera-going is really hybrid to the British temperament. You can't get away from that for all the fine talk. The musical tendency of the masses is for part-songs and comic operas—that is why the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are a perennial success. They touch a national fibre, and it's no use pretending they don't.

Uninvited Guests

LADY MEUX has set an example which will probably be followed at other big weddings. She asked that the invited guests to the wedding of her daughter and Lord Blandford should bring their invitations with them to the church.

The number of self-invited guests to such functions is really rather astonishing — for what possible interest can there be in going to the wedding of people you don't know? Yet there are quite a multitude of women who go boldly into the church on those occasions, give their names to the questioning reporter at the door, and glibly murmur "Bride" or "Bridegroom" in answer to the usher's enquiry—and their only knowledge of the whole matter is what they have read in the newspapers.

Some are even more daring and go on to the wedding reception "as if they'd been really invited." Given a well-dressed appearance a woman can pass unchallenged amongst three or four hundred guests squashed like sardines in a tin. If the arrangements mean passing before a hostess the announcement of a name conveys nothing to, say, a bride's mother who is greeting dozens of people she has never seen before, and whom she naturally considers to be acquaintances of the bridegroom.

The extent to which this sort of thing is carried on is surprising. Perhaps in future it may be found necessary for wedding guests to produce their invitations at the house as well as at the church. But isn't it funny?

Guidance at Last

THERE is a little book I want to recommend to all of you who have served by land and water, because it is a book we have all been waiting for, and a book we all need — if not for ourselves, then to hand on the information to some other chap who does want it. I don't think so much help was ever enclosed in a paper-covered volume of some

THE VERY LAST RAG

"*Dora has been stripped almost bare and will come to an end on August 31st.*"—DAILY PAPER.

DORA: "Oh, George! How can I go like this till August 31st? For heaven's sake give me more clothes or shoot me now!"

BY HUGH WILLIAMS.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

sixty pages as in *The Service Handbook* which Captain H. H. C. Baird has compiled, and which you can get for a shilling from the office of "The Ex-Service Man," 11, Regent Street, S.W. 1. It tells you everything about pensions, gratuities, where to apply for work according to your pre-war job, and answers all the hundred and one questions that are facing the demobbed, the disabled, and partially disabled.

"PREPARATIONS"

By W. E. Wigfull

I can only say that in my own personal knowledge a big amount of trouble and unnecessary suffering would have been saved if it had been possible for Captain Baird to have brought out this little book a year ago. Still, better late than never, and it will be a big help to hundreds.

Miss Maude Millett

A good many middle-aged bosoms will be stirred to remembrance of *les belles jours d'antan* by the announcement of Maude Millett's death. With her great limpid eyes, her exquisite voice, she was the ideal *ingénue*. All through the early nineties she was a cult at Oxford. Those were the days of photographs of professional beauties and popular actresses—Walery and the London Stereoscopic seemed to have the monopoly. Picture post-cards were unknown, and the photographs sold in thousands. Maude Millett made a particular appeal to Oxford. I think it was because she was so typical of the best and sweetest kind of English girl. The undergraduates came to see her act in London, much in the same spirit as knights of old did their homage to their elected lady. At Oxford she was received with rapture.

Bill Gawber Orates

"Iorfen likes to sit a-dreamin', Clarence," remarked Bill Gawber, his eyes fixed upon the barrel marked "Amontillado, 8*d*. a Dock Glass,"

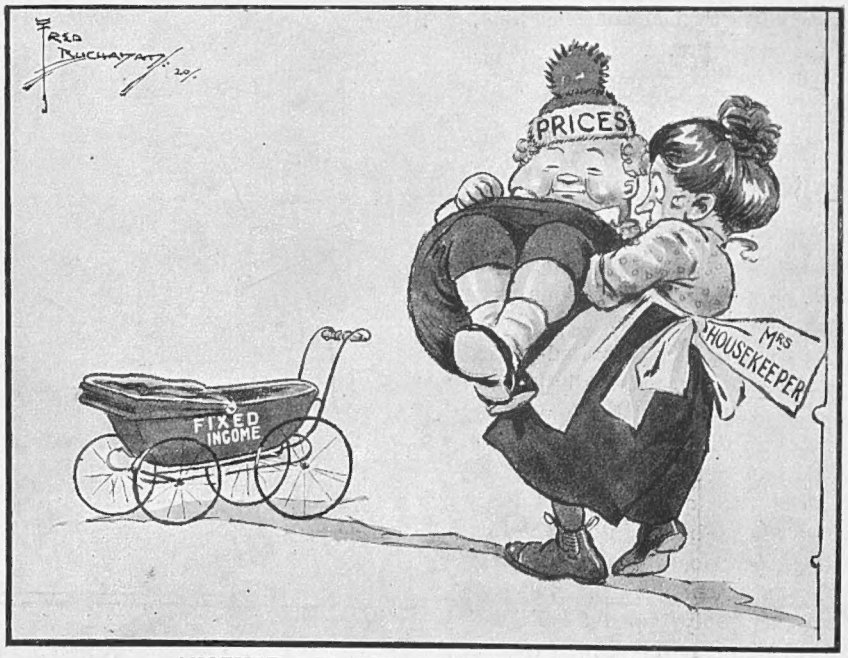
"Dreaming, Bill? Are you in love again? Is the spring stirring in your heart soft and balmy?"

"Don't'cher go a-callin' me soft an' balmy, mister, unless yer've got a hankerin' arter a thick ear. See? An' as for me (corrugated) 'eart, if yer was ter keep *your* (gory) 'eart in order it wouldn't be so soft, and yer crumpet wouldn't be so barmy. No! wot I 'ad on me mind is this 'ere: Wot a go this 'ere world is! Wot with all the shops amalgamatin', an' the black-coats a-federatin'! Seems ter me as the world'll be a funny plice for me (pink) ghost ter come 'oppin' around. I seems ter see a time ter come when there'll ony be one bank, when wimmin is a-sittin' at the King's Bench (an' on it, that bein' the nature o' females), when there won't be no Parlyment, but ony blookes like me an' Smillie."

"Well, that'll please your ghost, Bill, won't it?"

"There's no knowin'. One allus seems ter want a thing until one gits it. Mrs. Gawber, f'r instance, I usedter write 'er pomes. I remember one where 'er golden 'air usedter rhyme with bold an' fair. Well, I got 'er. An' now look at 'er! If yer've got to, that is. I don't. No, Clarence, I ain't backin' out, I'm for the Revolution, I am, but when I sees wot this 'ere (incandescent) modern spirit is up to, I ain't so sure."

(*Continued on page 488*)



"ANOTHER FAT BOY—AND STILL GROWING!"

By Fred Buchanan

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

7d. for 12d.

"THIS 'ere shilling dodge, f'r instance. I sees in the pipers as that Orsten Chimberlin is a-goin' ter reduce the silver in the bob ter sevenpence. Is it fair, I arsks? An' I ses: No! Course I know as the bob is legal tender. I ain't a (torpid) fool, though I ain't bin ter 'Arrer an' Oxford. But I carn't 'elp seein' as the Chancellor 'as it orl is own wye. 'E don't pye for nothing, the (reptile). 'E ony tikes our money. An' when 'e 'as ter give back a bit 'e corls it a bob and puts in ony seven pennorth o' silver. I sez it's a do."

"It is, Bill, but it's a very old one. You see, silver has more than doubled in value. So the Mint is halving the contents of the shilling to make it fair."

"'Old 'ard!" roared Bill, effecting rapid arithmetic, "then, yer (bloater), that means as the shilling wasn't worth more than sevenpence before the War!"

"True, Bill, I'm not sure it was worth more than sixpence."

He shook his head sadly: "I bin done orl me life! This 'ere is the end o' me (molten) childlike confidence."

Luxuries

"DON'T say that," I cried. "Besides, it can't be helped. If you and your friends didn't spend as much on luxuries we'd want less currency, and silver would go down."

"Luxuries!" growled Bill. "Where's my luxuries, yer (toad)? Unless it's me weekly BYSTANDER, as corsts a bob, the price o' two ounces o' shag! That ain't a luxury. Beer ain't a luxury. A tanner ter go an' 'ear Marie Lloyd, that ain't a luxury. Mrs. Gawber is a luxury, yes, yer can 'ave 'er if yer'll tike 'er away. But it can't be did. She won't go. I tell yer, Clarence, the torfs flaps their mouths too much abaht the (pink) luxuries o' the workin' man. 'E mikes the grammerphones! Why shouldn't 'e 'ave 'em? Why shouldn't the (mauve) swells stop their (fiery) luxuries? Stop pyin' a quid fer a dance? Stop bibbin' champagne wine? Stop pyin' fifty quid fer an evenin' frock as don't 'ide much, an' an extra fifty if it don't 'ide nuffin? Stop yer own (flaming) luxuries, an' I'll stop mine."

I was silenced. Bill's advice is excellent. But I shan't follow it. I should burst.

PERSONALITIES AT THE GREAT "DOG DERBY"
Some impressions of prominent people made at Lydiate on the occasion of the Waterloo Cup meeting last week
By "THE TOUT"

The Coursers' Derby

ALMOST everything in sport just now seems to be booming as it never boomed before. At all interesting fixtures you get unprecedented crowds, and the sporting writers by this time must have grown tired of noting "record" attendances. The Waterloo Cup, as unique an event in coursing as the Derby is in racing, did not fail to do its share of record-breaking last week. Never before had such musters been seen at Lydiate, and this despite the fact that, not to be outdone in the matter of profiteering, the executive had quadrupled the cost of the daily card of events. The crowd, however, had its money's worth, for the coursing was full of thrills and surprises. A number of times on the opening day the odds were badly upset. Derringen, a great tip for the Cup, was soon knocked out, but Lord Sefton's Staff Job, another public favourite, kept up his form well to the end.

Not He!

THE President sat up in bed,
His eyes with fury glancing;
"My enemies declare," he said,
"I'm suffering from swollen head—
But still, I *don't* want Lansing!"

A. R.

Celebrities in the Sunny South

Photograph *E. Navello*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, THE HON. ALEXA BERTIE, AND THE HON. MRS. VICTOR STANLEY

Photograph *E. Navello*

LADY DE BATHE

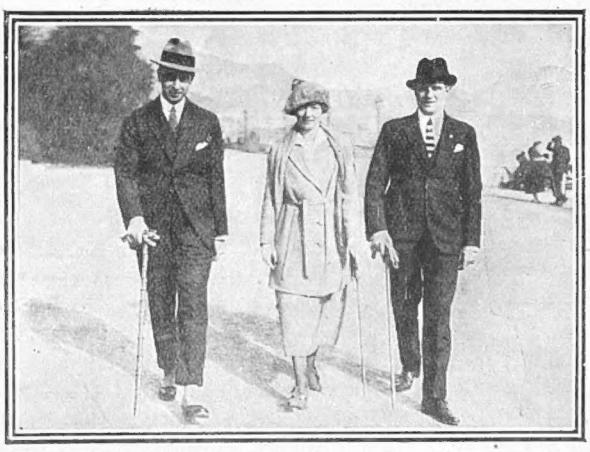
Photograph *Central News*

MISS GLADYS COOPER and her husband, CAPTAIN BUCKMASTER,

Who have recently returned from the holiday which they are here seen enjoying

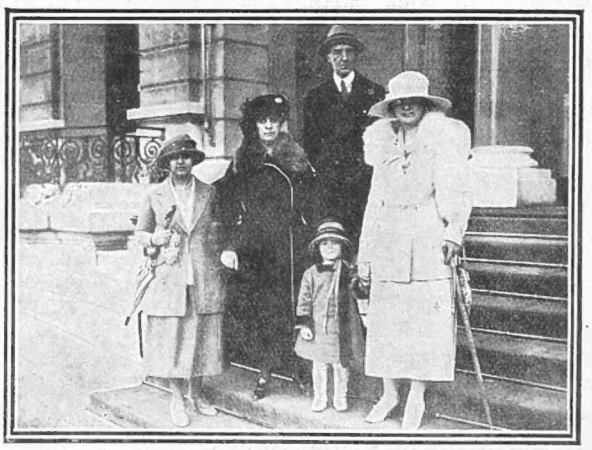
Photograph *E. Navello*

MISS VIOLET LORRAINE



Photographs

M. and MME. VAN HOUTEN and M. R. LOOPUYT



Farringdon Photo Co.

MLLE. DE BITTENCOURT, MME. DE BITTENCOURT, THE COUNTESS OF LISBOURNE, and (the small girl) LADY GLORIA VAUGHAN

These photographs were all taken at Monte Carlo, where the season is now in full swing, and the sun shining in all its southern glory

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 23, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

PEOPLE home from the Sunny South keep chatting to me about how the English are "rooked" down there, and how it's one long ramp from the time you leave Boulogne, and get charged anything from eight francs onwards for your roll and coffee, down to when you arrive on the Côte d'Azur, and don't *really* (wonderfully ingenious, these foreigners) score a bit because of that favourable exchange there's so much talk about.

卐 卐

BUT I've yet to find the happy land where he flourishes more fatly than in England—the profiteer, the restaurateur, the shopkeeper, in fact, the whole thieving fraternity of those whose fortunate fate it is to minister to the wants of an unfortunate public here in England now. The necessities of life have become dearer than the luxuries. You may just as well be extravagant as the other thing—it's all the same in the end. And while the *parvenu* makes his two and three hundred per cent. on every single thing he purveys, the middle classes—once called the backbone of England—pay over in income tax those few hundreds that can be saved from the bare business of living.

卐 卐

AS to what the New Rich, the ghouls who fatten on the harvests reaped by the soldiermen in France, look like. . . . Not much of a talker is the portly, young Shah of Persia, but when he does let fall a syllable or so from those royal eastern lips—well, quite often, you know, it "goes." The genus profiteer has, of course, been disporting himself this year with great success on the Riviera, but it would seem that, though he may have all the *money*, he has not yet acquired either the appearance or the manners of the old *régime*. Anyway, the young Shah, entering one of the gaming-rooms at Monte, after a few minutes' quiet observation of its occupants, turned to the Director and asked, "Are these Bolshevists, Monsieur, or what?"

卐 卐

HERE in England, profits for whoever makes them 'aren't merely *big*; they're vast beyond the dreams of any avarice. Yet, according to the Lenten Pastoral of some Cardinal or Bishop or something that I've just been flitting through, it would seem, though, that all these little matters, the robbing of the public, the top-dogishness of all the worst elements in the community, the supineness of a Government that does *nothing* for the nation—are merely a small surface trouble. "Deeper down there are far more important indications of the divinely-guided leaven which is at work. . . ."

'Rooked from the time you leave Boulogne"

卐 卐

WHAT optimists some people are! Wish *I'd* felt like that at a certain London hotel I stayed a short night at the other day and was charged £2 10s. for my room and bath, 10s. for plain (*very* plain) breakfast, and 15s. or thereabouts for sandwiches and a small drink "after the ball." Still. . . . Lots of people can, and do, pay that much, not for one night, but for every night. So what's a poor hotel-proprietor to do? But while ex-fighting men struggle for jobs and war-widows and war-orphans exist on miserable pensions, afraid I obstinately continue to think that there's *something* rotten in the state of Denmark *somewhere*.

The New Ric'n"

卐 卐

HOW I wish—

. . . this world
And its green hills
Were mine. . . .

I'd alter it, wouldn't you, so much, *much* nearer to the heart's desire? I'd wash out, oh! *such* a crowd, and I'd make life easier for a still bigger—but a betterer—crowd. But, of course, *some* things I wouldn't alter. The loveliness and the mystery and the wonder and the ecstasy of spring, even here in London, for instance. Where the trees in the smoke-blackened squares are veiled already—and dangerously prematurely, I'm afraid—in a faint greeny-goldeny mist, and crocuses lift gallant topaz spear-like heads out of the London grass that the dogs and young England in the Baby Walk in Kensington

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

Gardens, for sheer dear joy of living, jump off the ground with all four—or two—feet at a time.

卐 卐

AND even in London the birds sing *such* a welcome to the west wind and the longer days. I've just been reading Squire's ode to the Birds in the new "Georgian Poetry":

And yet did I, this spring, think it more strange,
More grand, more full of awe, than all life's change,
And lovely and sweet and touching unto tears,
That through man's chronicled and unchronicled years,
And even unto that unguessable beyond
The mater hen has nested by a pond,
Weaving dry flags into a beaten floor. . .
Then, when she heard no men, as nature taught her,
Plashing around with busy, scarlet bill
She built that nest, her nest, and builds it still.

卐 卐

THIS first of the "Peace" poetry books, as Mr. Laurence Binyon says, is not, perhaps, so full of power and substance as the pre-War Georgian Poets, but much more redolent of that deep love for England which the War has so stirred up in every true English heart. . . .

Everywhere lines and phrases calling up the sights and sounds and smells of English landscape; names of English streams and villages . . . the English trees, the English birds. . . .

卐 卐

ABOVE all, the birds! Just a hundred years ago, when Europe lay torn and wasted as now, Shelley listened to the skylark, with its "ignorance of pain," and Keats to the nightingale, "too happy in its happiness," and each sang out of his heart a supreme lyric.

卐 卐

TALKING of spring, "you seem to know quite a lot about what a young man's thoughts turn to at this time of the year, my Blanche," a sailorman writes me from that "queer little place" in the Mediterranean, "that's perched up on the shores of the narrow harbour," and possesses, according to this connoisseur, "local feminine inhabitants of a positively indecent hideousness. I've never seen such a collection of ham-faced atrocities.

卐 卐

"BUT do you know the Samuel Butler test of love?—if a young man is in a small boat on a choppy sea, along with his affianced bride, and both are seasick, and if the sick swain can forget his anguish . . . then is he in love. That was in the far-off days, before T.B.D.s and M.L.s and other nautical neurotics. Guess we know some better tests now, eh, Blanche, my spirit of mischievous spring? Can he 'spin' us along the whole periphery of the Grafton Galleries without losing his balance or changing grip half way? Can he wangle for his inamorata an extra week's sugar ration out of the jumperished young lady at the grocer's? Will he or won't he glower beetlingly at the poor girl when he comes down to breakfast to find bacon *seule* 'cos eggs are 9*d.* each and everything else five bob a pound? Can——but here we'll stop, I think. Seem to be getting a bit forward and anticipatory, don't we, Blanche?"

"Presenting quite an elliptical backward curve"

卐 卐

ALWAYS do, don't they—get "forward," I mean, these Babelets of the Bounding Blue? Reminds me, though, there's one time when they're more backward (leaning), and that's when they're dancing. Presenting quite an elliptical backward curve, one of 'em was, in immaculate evening full-dress of blue and gold, with the nattiest of Eton jackets and the blazingest of bright brass buttons on the spotlessest of snowy white waistcoats (symbol of a blameless life, I *don't* think), at the Grafton Gals. the other night. The solution of this attitude, according to one of the "junior" service looking on, was "that N.O.'s dance with each other on their ships, and get in the habit of leaning backwards, 'cos, naturally, they don't want a *man* breathing on their cheeks." 卐 卐

IN a word, "Down with men," as Phyllis Monkman sings in *Wild Geese* at the Comedy, or "You'd be surprised!" as Delysia mellifluously murmurs in that *Afgar* which Mr. Cochran was told "over there" *must* not come to America. "It is beautiful, but its exotic, sensual note, combined with prohibition, will produce disastrous results on our youth. . . ." They *are* a pure crowd, *aren't* they? And yet, looking backwards on Paris in the latter (or American) days of the War, for instance, I seem to remember——but that's scandal, I suppose, even if they did. No doubt about it, though, that the gallant sons of America, anyway, were quite sure about the conjunction of Mars and Venus—in France.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

"Paris in the latter (or American) days"

Riviera Notes

AT THE TABLES, MONTE CARLO

WATCHING THE PIGEON SHOOTS

Most things can be overdone, but if anything in the way of a fête bears repetition it is a battle of flowers. Down here we seem to have one every second day or so. (The supply of flowers one may say is unlimited). If there isn't a gala at Nice it is at Menton and if it isn't at Menton there is something doing at Cannes.

The other day some of us slipped over to Menton by that priceless old Corniche road that looks down on all the richness of Monte Carlo and makes it appear the sort of place one wants heaven to be. George was in charge of the party, and so, of course, a full time was to be expected. He issued the invitations himself, and told everybody to pack all their earthly belongings, including fancy dress, into a suit case. If you come down here be sure to bring something in the way of fancy dress. The girls are laying themselves out on it, and it's wonderful how some of them do manage to give the idea of being dressed in costume with a couple of yards of chiffon and a string of beads.

AU RESTAURANT

Anyway, we packed what we had and started out. George thought his idea was original, but absolutely everybody had it as well. The roads just buzzed with cars. You saw them coming from all the villas, like wasps at the jam when the vicar has a garden party. Everyone of them was piled up with lads and lasses and suit cases. You see there were three things in the day's programme :—

(1) Battle of flowers.
(2) Dinner.
(3) Masked ball.

Now anyone who has been through a battle of flowers knows jolly well that it is about as much as one suit of clothes will stand. That was part of the reason for the complete outfit with fancy dress, one that everybody was bringing. Most of the good people filled up all the space they didn't occupy with ammunition in case the local supply gave out, though there wasn't much fear of that, and I tell you Jerry never put up a finer barrage than our little lot did when some of the natives thought to attack us. I saw Aunt Emily deliver a rose in the eye of the local dignitary with a precision that would have warmed the heart cockles of a certain quondam bombing instructor now returned to the pacific paths of brief-hunting.

Menton, you know, is the jolliest spot of all this coast. One doesn't want to brag, but somehow one sort of feels most at home there. It's ten to one that your *chic* partner at the masked ball will say "stop rotting" when you try to be polite

FROM A DISTANCE BOTH LOOK ALIKE

UNDER AND OVER-DRESSED

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS, NICE

in your best French, and that perhaps is the explanation.

BUT to return to our battle business. Margot declared that it made her weep to see such masses of flowers, that would have made a fortune in Covent Garden, thrown around like confetti. Sort of shocked her to remember that every handful would cost the price of a dinner at home, though it was only a penny here. She had to comfort herself that this year all the fêtes are to benefit adopted towns in the wiped out country where the War used to be.

THEN there are the masked balls. One never knows exactly what will happen to one there. At Cannes, the night of the ball at the Casino, George made love for five minutes to Margot, who is his wedded wife, before he discovered who she was.

SUCH accidents are, however, rare, and can be avoided. Only I would recommend those who come to these parts to try to make sure by signs and portents, before they venture too much, what the nationality of the lady may be. I speak with feeling, but how was I to know that the tall, fair girl who said in French that she preferred American men's clothes to Englishmen's, was an American, and that the little dark one, dressed like a Colleen and talked English, would get huffy because I said French girls always put their hats over their eyes, with intent towards wickedness.

IT is so that the life moves along down here in the sun. There are some, of course, who take it quiet and some who take it swift. And there are some who live kind of round the corner from everything, at Antibes or Cap Ferrat. Even though the Germans and the Russians have vanished, every villa is let.

ONE misses the Russians because they used to add an awful lot to the subjects for gossip.

The women always wore such wonderful clothes, and every man-jack of them was a Prince or an Arch-Duke, and drank Napoleon brandy out of tumblers.

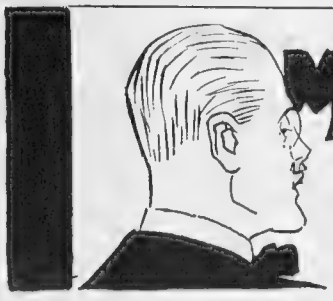
BUT there is gossip enough still to keep cheerful, and you know when the sun gets properly into the bones it is marvellous how one is content with what happens south of the Alps. Even George is getting quieter, and sometimes spends a whole morning with me studying life from a chair on the Promenade. PIP.

A DINNER FROCK

On the Knees of the Gods!

MR. ASQUITH'S POSITION FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS

BY E. T. REED

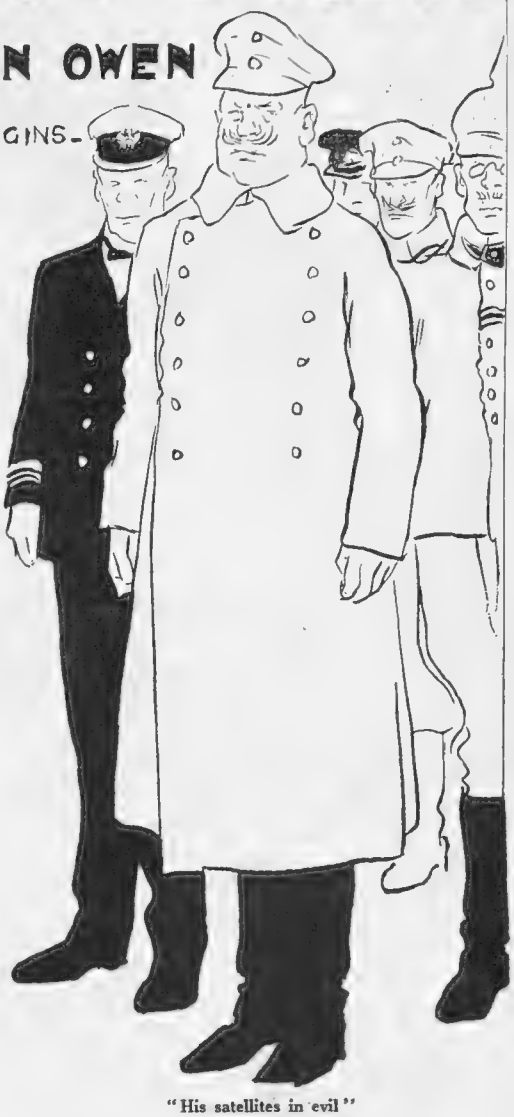


MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. XVIII.—Reggie on the War Criminals



"His satellites in evil"

"BUT I take it all the same, Reggie, that you still believe the Kaiser and his satellites in evil should be. . . ?"

"My dear old thing, of course. I dislike 'em all just as much as ever I did. Their manners have not a bit improved in adversity. Wilhelm in cheap Dutch lodgings isn't a bit more attractive than he was when living in the rococo splendour of Potsdam. The Hun hasn't changed a bit. But there's been a change all the same, and I fear me it's been on the part of the Allies. That's where the trouble comes in.

"The Hun remains hunnish. It was to be expected. But the Allies, who were the majestic Avengers of Outraged Civilisation, have become Heaven knows what. There was a time not so long ago, in November, 1918, to be exact, when the noble words Right is Might were emblazoned majestically on their brows, and when the hosts of Germany were so many weasels trying suddenly to masquerade as rabbits. The Allies had all the majesty and dignity of figures in a Bernard Partridge cartoon. Their words were the words of Mankind, sublimated, tremendous, and final. What they said went. The Hun heard His Master's Voice and didn't stop to enquire where the noise came from. And even the Neutrals were abashed and slipped the latest batch of Hun propaganda into their waste-paper baskets.

"If ever Virtue was triumphant it was at that moment. Never did Hero look so splendid. Never was the Villain so badly up against it. The Allies had but to say 'Disgorge your ill-gotten gains, leave your hired dress suit hanging over the chair, and get to Hell out of it,' and the thing was as good as done. Their slightest wish had all the weight of sublime authority. We had won the War, and there were no two ways about it. At that moment there was nobody in all the world who had any desire to be rude to us. Even Holland and Sweden were willing to admit that there must have been something in the Allies after all. The German Empire was our oyster, and dear old Foch, not to mention Sir Douglas, was quite ready and willing to scrape the nasty pieces out of it and make it fit for human consumption.

"In those days all plain men, especially the fellers who'd worn the tin hats, had quite a lively sort of idea that at any moment a word would be dropped to Germany saying that the choicer spirits from their pirate crew must be handed over for the judgment of the Civilised World, or words to that effect. Some of us, I think, even had visions of swift little drumhead courts martial in the *Grande Place* at Brussels, or somewhere of the sort. There was a kind of healthy feeling that now we shouldn't be long, and that the dirty dogs who, for instance, did in poor Captain Fryatt, would shortly receive it in the neck. There seemed no reason to think otherwise. Why, dammit, we'd won the War. Everybody was convinced of that.

"But for some reason, which nobody explained, the word was never given, and the Big Four in Paris went on merrily with their little game of pulling the wool over each other's eyes. . . . And, as I say, since those days something of a change has come over the majesty of the Allies. Their words are no longer regarded as the utterances of Jove. Nobody, in fact, is unduly disturbed at anything they say. The Neutrals have regained all their old war-time arrogance. Germany studies the Allied note with amazement, not unmixed with amusement. Jove has not merely nodded. He seems to have fallen into a sleeping sickness.

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (*concluded*)

The Ideal World which was to have been fabricated up on the summit of Olympus wouldn't fetch as much in the open market to-day as a single Ideal Home at Olympia."

"Yes, but Reggie all this does not affect the culpability of the criminals. They are still. . . ."

"Of course, my honest friend. I know it doesn't. But it does affect the possibility of putting it across them. You can't expect to try an A 1 War Lord with a C 3 Tribunal. If, in the first days of the Armistice, the Allies had drawn up their little list right away and then waded in and scooped up the blighters by the jugful, nobody would have protested. Their action would have had all the authority of the Almighty. The German nation would have said: 'Take 'em, by all means. Is there anything else you'd like?' . . But now! From being Judges of Assize, clothed in their red robes, the Allies are merely Police Court Stipendiaries, in standard suits. It's the greatest moral downfall since Adam and Eve were evicted from the first Garden Suburb.

"'Pon me soul, it makes one unhappy to think what an *impasse* our dear rulers have gone and stuck themselves into. Here we could have had the ex-Kaiser and all his crew delivered in nice bundles, like asparagus, and neatly allotted to everybody who wanted 'em in nice time for the Peace Celebrations. There would have been plenty to go round. London could have had half a dozen of the best, with von Tirpitz as one of the leading lines. He would have looked splendid marching along as a sort of centre-piece to the Naval detachments, or tied to the stirrup of Lord Beatty. One can imagine the good humour of the crowd on actually seeing in the flesh—if one may say so—the famous whiskers. Our leading provincial cities, not forgetting those of the Overseas Dominions, would have been handed out a couple apiece. You can imagine the gratification that would have been felt in Toronto, Sydney, and other places, at seeing a real live baby-slayer or a U-Boat Pirate King in chains. They would have felt at last that there was something really tangible about the War, and that they'd really been fighting for something. Our smaller cities would have had to be content with one each, and as for mere Borough Councils and that sort of thing they'd have had to draw tickets out of a hat. And at least one sinker of hospital ships might have been handed over to the students of Bart's or Guy's. They would have shown him that what was popular in the case of Pussyfoot would have approached something like a delirium of joy in the case of a gallant Hun gentleman who could find nothing better to shoot at than a ship full of helpless patients.

"The fact is, old thing, we ought to have shown a little imagination in this business of proving to our enemies that we really did win the War. We had beaten a barbarous foe, and there ought to have been a bit of the captive at the chariot-wheel stunt for the sweet individuals who during the War became the idols of the German flapper. A blue-eyed submarine captain who has distinguished himself many a time and oft by firing on drowning seamen is not an ordinary sort of feller. He ought to have been treated with all the deference due to his dignity. As one who is more or less amphibious, he might, say, have been put on show in a tank at the Brighton Aquarium. That go-ahead seaport would have appreciated the compliment highly. For a few of the others places might have been reserved in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's. There would have been no difficulty, as the rest of the exhibits, being mostly deceased, would not have been able to protest at the indignity. And so on, in each case making the celebration as far as possible fit the crime. With Bethmann-Hollweg, for instance, we might have compelled him to attend every sitting of Parliament and listen to the spell-binders of the Coalition explaining away every day why they can't stick to their pledges of the day before. It would have given him a hard, but useful, lesson on the moral obligations attaching to Scraps of Paper.

"And as for the ex-Kaiser, there need have been no special difficulty about him. We could simply have sentenced him to a thousand a year, and made him try and live on it in London and pay all his taxes on the nail. The poor creature would have had a dreadful time. According to all accounts the Hohenzollern push are a very mean family. One reason, so I am told, why the U.S. really came into the War was because Wilhelm refused to pay his American dentist, alleging that he was a minor when he first placed the order . . . Well, you can see what sort of a time Bill would have had, sorting out the miserable stipend allowed him by his proud conquerors, and realising that he had to pay away more than half of it to a Government for which he had no manner of use. Then would Wilhelm have wept by the waters of the Modern Babylon, and cried, 'Woe is me. By St. Appenrodt, it doesn't leave a feller enough to buy *sauer kraut!*'"

"Second comedy man in a third-class touring revue company"

"But, my dear Reggie, the Kaiser would jump at anything half so good as that."

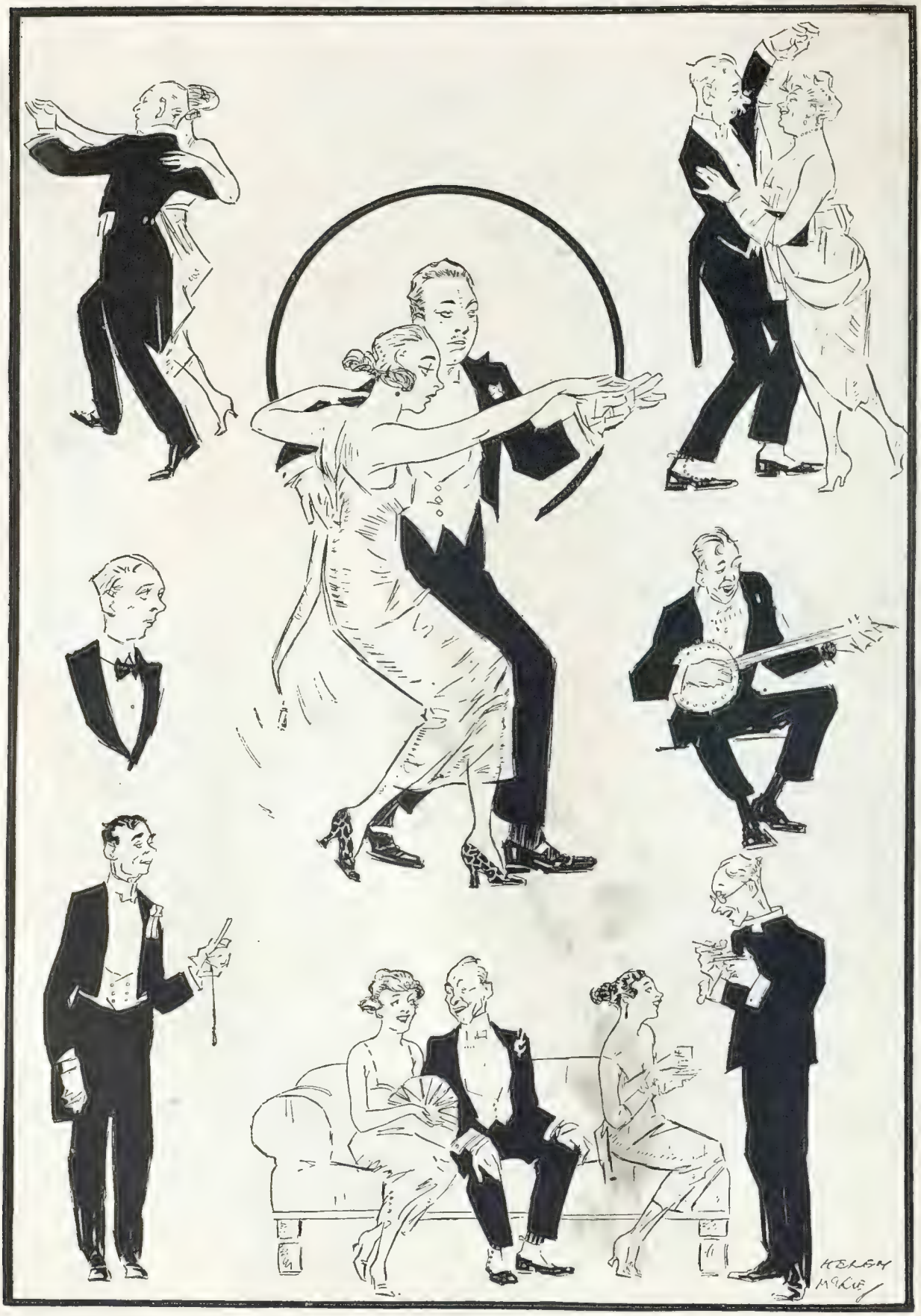
"Would he! I should only like to think anything half so dreadful was going to happen to him. And if only I could see Little Willie as second comedy man in a third-class touring revue company my cup of happiness, old thing, would be spilling over the top."

Pussyfoot in the Sahara

"Now tell me how is it that you can go so long without a drink?"

BY ALFRED LEETE

Temples of Terpsichore: "In the Suburbs—*Passim*"



This type of dancing-club is now, perhaps, the most common of all. (Sounds a bit snobbish, doesn't it; but it was quite unintentional!) For affairs like that portrayed above have for many months been blossoming in all those postal districts which run into double figures. And, though you might not think it, they take their dancing very, very seriously there

BY HELEN McKIE

TEA · FOR · THREE

AT THE HAYMARKET

By
"JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

THIS is another version of the eternal triangle played by a triangular cast. That is to say, the action of the piece is carried on almost entirely by the three parties immediately concerned. The first scene shows us the Wife lunching with the Friend at an apparently rather exclusive restaurant. When a Wife enjoys a *tête-à-tête* lunch with a gentleman who is not her husband, it seems fair to assume that the skating on thin ice has already begun. So we are not greatly surprised when the Friend suddenly confesses to the Wife that he is "terribly fond" of her. She is sorry, because she had no idea of that, of course, so I suppose that before the curtain went up and revealed the couple to us their conversation had been limited to the problem of foreign exchanges or the Irish question.

BEFORE the curtain falls again on this scene of rather copious volubility, the Wife says she shall, of course, tell her husband that she has been lunching with the Friend. I have been told that they all say that, if only to impart a certain air of decorum to an otherwise rather irregular proceeding. The first fact that arouses our suspicion is the calculated untruth uttered by the Wife on her return home. She does not say that she has been lunching with the Friend, but with "Ethel." Furthermore, she says that as she happened to meet the Friend on the way home she has asked him to drop in to tea.

THE Friend is a self-confident young man with a badly disguised contempt for the husbands of his lady friends. He also has the amiable weakness, of which time and experience will doubtless cure

FAY COMPTON AND STANLEY LOGAN

him, of believing that ladies always speak the truth. He takes it for granted that the Wife has told her husband about the lunch, because she said she would do so; and, by way of disarming unfavourable comment, one of the first things he says is that he has been lunching with the Wife. The Husband is a little surprised to hear it; but he swallows a little harder than usual, and says he knows all about that, and he knows that "Ethel" was there, too. The Friend laughs at the idea. He hasn't seen "Ethel" for weeks, and, besides, two's company, and three's a crowd. After making a lot of pointed observations, obviously intended to make the Husband look small, the Friend tells a little story. There was a husband whose wife had a man friend always at her heels, and finally the husband could think of only one way to end the matter. He and the man friend would draw lots, and the loser was to be in honour bound to kill himself within twenty-four hours. It so happened that the loser's honour didn't bind him tightly enough, and he decided to go on living just for the fun of the thing. So there you are, you see.

WHILE the Husband is out of the room for a moment the Friend takes a photograph of the Wife from the piano, and says he wants it for the purpose of adequately adorning his bachelor den. The Wife begs him to give it back to her at once; but he replies that if she wants it she must come to his den and fetch it herself. This sounds a little like transpontine melodrama, I know, but it really isn't as bad as that. As soon as the Friend has gone the husband misses the photograph from its prominent position on the piano. The Wife explains that she knocked it over accidentally and broke the frame, and it has gone to be mended accordingly. I do not take credit to myself for being a very convincing liar, but I really think I could have done better than that with one hand tied behind me. After dinner, bent on recovering the picture, the Wife hurries round

FAY COMPTON A. E. MATTHEWS AND A PIANO

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

to the Friend's rooms, and while the Friend (what is friendship, by the way?) is positively refusing to give it back, the Husband arrives at the house. There is just time for the Wife to slip away by the back stairs, and then the Husband is shown in.

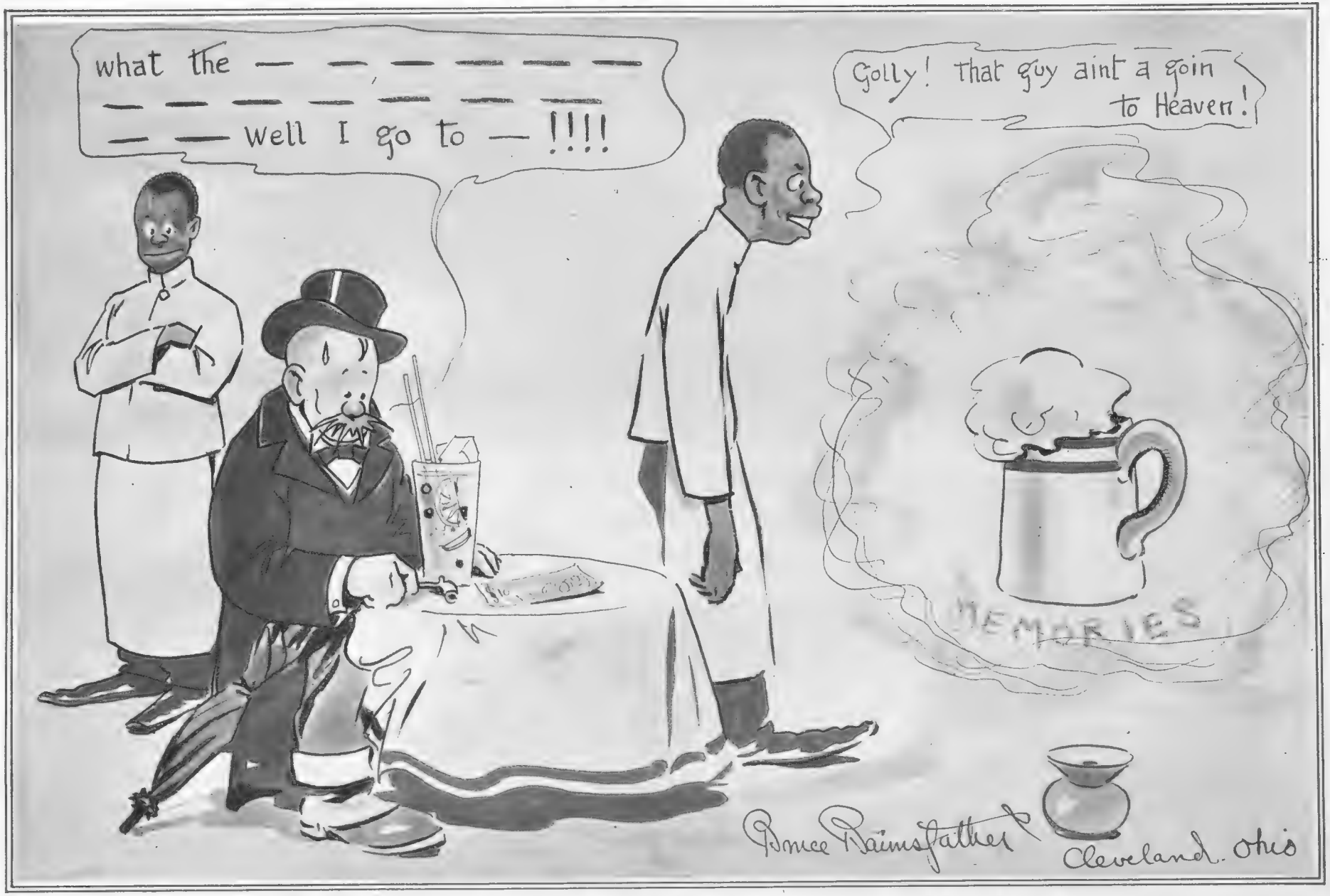
As the result of the Friend's contemptuously frank remarks, the Husband is no longer able to doubt that the lady for whom the Friend is waiting is the Wife. He says in a plaintive way that things can't go on like that, and he has taken rather a fancy to the little story told by the Friend that afternoon about the chap who drew lots with the other man to decide which of them was to have the girl and which was to commit suicide. So they draw lots, and the Friend loses. Then the Friend explains that as he has only twenty-four hours to live, he will employ his time in securing the prize he covets most on earth. He will rob the Husband of his Wife's love. After the Husband has gone out and slammed the door the Friend sets about putting his affairs in order. He first dictates a letter to a journalist friend (and everybody knows that journalists are discretion itself), announcing that by the time the letter has been delivered he will be at home awaiting the crowner's 'quest on his vile body, or words to that effect.

THE next day the Husband, remembering the Friend's threat, is not taking any chances. He stays away from business, and will not let the Wife out of his sight. He is uneasy and restless, and as it gets near the time for the carrying-out of the fatal compact, he gets positively feverish. Then the Maid brings in the evening paper; but the Husband has no time for frivolities of that kind at the moment. So he brushes the paper aside; and the Maid, glancing at it by chance, tearfully quotes a scare headline to the effect that the Friend has been and gone and done away with himself. The Husband bears up bravely under the terrible announcement; but the Wife is not unnaturally horror-stricken. She can think of no reason that the Friend could have had for destroying himself—unless her husband, with his insane jealousy, has goaded the poor chap to it! She is at last satisfied in her mind that her husband has criminally encompassed the Friend's premature decease. And just as her anger is at its height the Friend walks smilingly into the room, regretting as much as anybody the way the evening papers exaggerate these little things.

MR. A. E. MATTHEWS, as the Husband, gets a smile out of his rather pathetic rôle whenever he can stretch a point far enough to do so properly; but for the most part he is the object of our respectful sympathy. Mr. Stanley Logan speaks his dialogue well, and his superb air of assurance when he is satisfied that he has estranged the Wife's affections from the Husband is very finely acted. Miss Fay Compton is quite charming as the wilful and mendacious little Wife; but the complication seems a little primeval for modern days.

JINGLE

"Silence is Golden"



Old Bill, having crossed the Atlantic, comes to Dry Land

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR"

(More apropos than ever, now that we hear so much of that "million surplus women!")

By W. E. Wigfull

STARS

BY EDWARD COALEY

"My Love," said Mr. Blundell to his wife, "I regret to say that the family exchequer is extremely low at the present moment. But never mind, that shall be quickly rectified. I have an idea. I will give my life history to the world."

"And what good is that going to do?" enquired his wife.

"We shall receive big cheques from the Publishers," he cried. "We shall be rich."

"But I thought you said you were going to give it," she replied.

"You irritate me," said Mr. Blundell severely. "You irritate me beyond endurance. I was employing a figure of speech."

"Then you're not really going to give yourself away?" she asked.

"This," said Mr. Blundell, "is no time for trifling," and he took a sheet of notepaper.

"If you're going to write the history of your life on that," remarked Mrs. Blundell, "you're going to miss out a deal of it."

"You are right," said Mr. Blundell; taking up a pen, "I am going to miss out the better part of it."

"H'm," she replied, "it's the other part I should miss out if I were you."

"I am going to work," he continued, "by means of stars."

"Like Old Moore," his wife suggested.

"You misunderstand my meaning," he replied. "If you read the works of prominent authors you will observe that they make extensive use of stars—asterisks I believe they are technically called—by means of which they dispose summarily of all those periods on which they have no desire to touch. I propose to do likewise."

"It'll take a lot of stars, won't it?" his wife asked.

"I believe," he replied, "that the printer's command of stars is practically unlimited. If I find that my surmise is incorrect I shall offer to obtain a further supply—at my own expense."

"And are you going to put stars for the good parts," she enquired, "or the bad?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other," he replied. "I shall distribute them with an impartial hand."

"And how's anybody going to know whether the stars mean good parts or bad parts?"

"Ah," he said, thoughtfully, "that is indeed a proposition. I had not considered that aspect."

Mr. Blundell sat for some minutes in silence with his pen between his lips. Suddenly he jumped up.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "I have arrived at the solution. I will put red stars for the good parts and black stars for the bad."

"And supposing the printer hasn't got any red ink?" she suggested.

"Ah," he said, "another point to be considered." Again he sat for a few minutes in silence.

"I have it!" he shouted at last. "I have conquered again. I will insert little notes beneath the stars explaining their proper colour. Then if the printer has a supply of red ink he will be able to delete the notes. Now, my love, if you will remain silent for half-an-hour I will make known to all the history of my life."

My childhood (he wrote) was passed in simplicity, and presents few events of outstanding importance. As a boy I was of a manly and daring temperament. Scenes of danger allured me. I was particularly susceptible to

"STARS" (*concluded*)

feminine attractions. I had not been at school long before I decided to elope with the headmaster's daughter.

* * * * * * *

(N.B.—Black stars, *very* black.)

These stars include an unsuccessful attempt, half-an-hour of anxious expectation, a few minutes (they seemed hours) of intolerable agony, and a considerable period of tingling reflections.

I left school an educated and refined gentleman, but spent several years in the drudgery of an office.

* * * * * *

(N.B.—More black stars.)

Until at last the day dawned when at my lonely dinner in a dreary restaurant I met my first love.

* * * * * * * * * * *

(N.B.—Red stars—lots of them.)

But these hours of happiness proved a considerable drain on my funds. At last I proposed that we should marry, upon which she explained that she was already married and had three children.

* * * * *

(N.B.—Five black stars. Two for her and one apiece for the kids.)

But my troubles then were as nothing compared to those which I endured when her husband came to know about it.

* * * * *
* * * * *

(N.B.—Two rows of black ones at least.)

I then returned to my dreary and listless days in the office.

* * * * *

(N.B.—Black. They ought really to be drab, but I don't suppose that's possible.)

At last my health broke down, and my doctor ordered me to take a long sea voyage. So I immediately took ship for Ostend.

* * * * *

(N.B.—Four black stars followed by a red one.)

Here I found the society both agreeable and entertaining.

* * * * * * * * * * *

(N.B.—Plenty of red stars.)

But on finding that I had inadvertently engaged myself to two ladies simultaneously I returned to England, leaving them both in tears on the quay.

* *

(N.B.—Two red stars.)

Then began a period of virtue and unalloyed bliss, in which I lived a healthy rural life, cultivating the fields and revelling in the beautiful summer showers and winter frosts.

* * * * *

(N.B.—Black stars.)

Until the day arrived when in a fragrant lane I met the lady who was afterwards to become my wife.

*

(N.B.—One bla—red star.)

I proposed to her and she accepted me. We went through the marriage ceremony together, and started off on our honeymoon.

* * * * *

(N.B.—Red stars followed by a black one.)

* * * * * * * * *

(N.B.—Red and black stars alternately.)

And now, as I write, the sweet prattle of infant voices arising on every side reminds me that I have undertaken parental responsibilities.

* * * *

(N.B.—Four black ones.)

"There," cried Blundell, triumphantly, "and all on a sheet of notepaper!"

"PEDESTRIDIGITATION!"

THE AMATEUR CONJURER: "Dash it! Something must have slipped"

BY HESKETH DAUBENY

Bedroom Boat-Race Practice

ENTHUSIASTIC "BLUE" LEAVES NOTHING TO CHANCE

BY HEATH ROBINSON

Peace—At Last!

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THE real, genuine article at last—or so we hope—unless the Allies take advantage of the clause in the treaty allowing them to advance and occupy more of Germany if the Hun is naughty. After a strenuous and continued effort during the past twelve months to remember that the people who housed us, waited on us, and smilingly accepted our tips—entranced us with their magnificent opera and bored us with their atrocious exhibitions of the pictorial *art nouveau*—who sold us razors, watches and field-glasses at prices to make our home profiteers splutter with impotent rage, and bought on the sly, or stole, our canteen and Army stores with all the imperturbability of an Ally — were really the Enemy, with a very big E, we have now got to reverse the process and substitute friendliness for hatred.

IT is really rather hard, that after the depths of the loathing one could work up and express against the Hun being the measure of the favour one could enjoy in the eyes of our womenfolk in Occupation, it now becomes the prescribed duty of soldiers, officials, and mere Bystanders alike to cultivate the friendship of the Rhinelander..

PEACE has brought us many sorrows in its train, and, like the well-paid gentlemen in the "pyjama area" in France when an Armistice was first mooted, people on the Rhine are tempted to shake their heads and murmur, "Of course, it has been a terrible War, but—." To mention but one sad result of peace, officers and men must now pay their fares on trams and trains. Apart from the financial extravagance, just imagine the indignity of having to produce "funfundzwanzig" (nearly a farthing) on the demand of a real live uniformed Hun tram-conductor!

"The indignity of having to produce 'funfundzwanzig'"

WHAT is the good of a five years' War against militarism when a Brigadier-General has to be subjected to that sort of thing? The only remedy seems to be an increased scale of issue of Government cars. To make matters worse, the conductor does not even have to salute—since the Ratification—when making his insolent demand, any more than does the harmless postman or the necessary railway guard.

ONLY one consolation remains to the real militarist in these decadent days. The fire brigade—that most delightful of German institutions, which never starts to put a fire out till it has lighted a bonfire in the street to show you what is going on, and marches into a burning house carrying aloft flaming, smoking torches to make a good job of it—the fire brigade has still to salute!

PEOPLE in imminent danger of "demob." from day to day, involving the loss of the last vestige of military glory, are said to chase the fire engines round Cologne just now with all the enthusiasm of a London street Arab.

ERIC GORDON.

"The well-paid gentlemen in the 'pyjama area'"

What a Song!

SIX DRAWINGS BY KAPP

1. AY!

2. I HEAR!

3. I HEAR YOU!

4. I HEAR YOU CALL!

5. I HEAR YOU CALLING!

6. I HEAR YOU CALLING ME!

"THE B

BATMAN"

"Bystander" Marsconigrams

By
HARFORD WORLOCK

Sketches by
A. H. D'EGVILLE

"One seeking an engagement (long 'un)"

THOSE messages from Mars,
Those wireless S.O.S.s,
May draw from other stars
Their answers. These are guesses!

Winston may wire, "Remember that while I'm
In office as the Minister of War,
We've got to have one somewhere all the time,
What can we fight you for?"

While Robert Cecil sends communications,
About the rate of four or five a minute,
Saying, "Please won't you join the League of Nations?
We must have someone in it!"

Swiftly a message flies from Amerongen,
"I've lived for Mars, so if you want a king,
I know one seeking an engagement (long 'un),
Who would be just the thing."

The next to go is one of Mr. Smillie's,
"Are your mines nationalised?" he asks, "because
There's nothing doing if your motto still is
'Halves, partner, halves,' as Hawtrey's was."

"Say, Martians, have you any cinemars?"
The message travels swiftly o'er the air banks,
"I'll come up smiling, king of all the stars,
You must see Fairbanks!"

The sky grows red as blood. "Have you got lots
Of submarines and planes?" the message flashes,
As Jacky Fisher buzzes off his dots
Well interspersed with dashes!

Sir Conan Doyle, when asked if he is seeking
A nice conducted lecture tour with Cook's,
Replies, "I don't believe it's Mars that's speaking;
It's probably my spooks!"

"While Robert Cecil sends communications"

"You must see Fairbanks"

"As Jacky Fisher buzzes off his dots"

"The next to go is one of Mr. Smillie's"

"Back Tieria!"

DAUGHTER: "Ye'll need to take the five shilling seats. There's less chance of influenza microbes."
FATHER: "I'll just get twa one and threepennies. If we're to hae the microbes we'll no hae 'em expensive."

BY WALLIS MILLS

A "Moving" Picture

SCENE IN ANY CINEMA AS THE HERO RESCUES THE HEROINE

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"When she arrived in her costume of Apache"

The Bystander in PARIS

"MARDI GRAS." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

IT has been the ghost of a Mardi Gras, but it is better to be a ghost than to be dead. It was only a ghost because there is no fat ox left any more in France that would really make one feel jolly to look at, and would himself enjoy making a feast. And where there used to be thousands there were only scores who have put on the fancy dress and made the Boul' Mich' like what it used to be before we grew as old as the Peace Conference.

MONSIEUR the Prefet of Police, too, has not helped the ghost to be lively. He has forbidden absolutely that anyone should use confetti and serpents. It is as Gi-Gi has said, when she has arrived in her costume of Apache: "How could one make Mardi Gras a real Mardi Gras without confetti and serpents?" The old fellow, too, forbade the cafés to be open all night, so that when it has come midnight everyone has felt he was transported into America.

BUT though we always complain so much about our restrictions you know there was a lot of fun. One may not keep Lent, but the feasts, that is *autre chose*. It was not possible for Monsieur the Prefet to see whether we used confetti in the café dancings, and at the most respectable restaurant where we have dined there were some troublesome ones who have made a battle with the flowers and the bread till the waiters attacked them with the siphons for *flammenwerfer*.

AFTER that we have gone to Pascall. You know, once there was an English girl who asked me to take her to see some of the wicked places of Paris. English girls always want to see that, goodness knows why. So I took her to Pascall, where one does not take one's aunt. If one's aunt is French she does not want to go. When we have been for half an hour and have danced my friend has said: "It is quite nice here, but the people really all look very quiet and respectable. At the Three Arts one sees much worse."

ON the night of Mardi Gras I am not sure that she would have found it so respectable. It is certain that she would not have found it very quiet. All the noise of the Boul' Mich' which it had been making all day came to the café in the evening. Whenever Gi-Gi and I have decided that there was, perhaps, the space enough to have a fox-trot a *monome* of silly ones from the boulevard would march in and round the room.

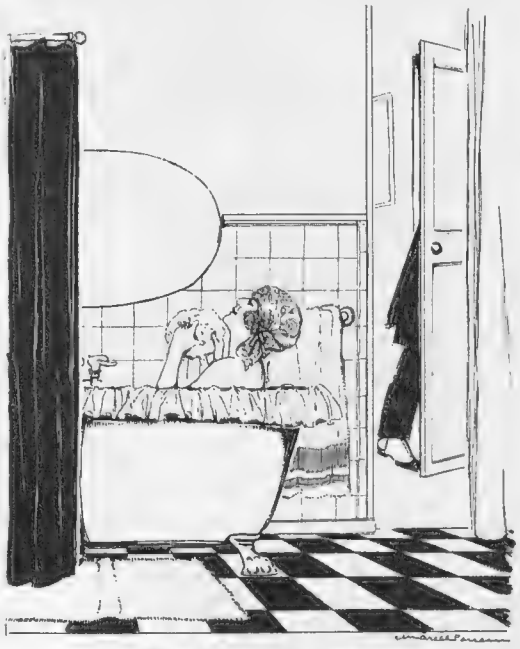
IT has been for everyone a kind of rehearsal for the fête of Mi-Carême. You know we have not had any fêtes for five years, and so we are out of practice. But for Mi-Carême everyone says we must do something to make ourselves think that we have won the War. That is why instead of only the *blanchisseuses* choosing a Queen every trade at which the girls work has chosen a Queen. Even there is to be a Queen of the sports-women. Of course, all the other girls are always jealous of the Queen, but I do not think that anyone thinks the Queen of the Sport does not deserve to be elected, because it is Mlle. Suzanne Wurtz, who swims the Seine every year on Christmas Day. One deserves something for doing that, and I do not think there will be a drama of the jealousy like there was with Madame Renouard and Mlle. Clara Tambour.

"The people really all look very quiet and respectable . . ."

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

THAT was a drama very Parisien. Perhaps you have read it in your journals. *Voilà!* two actresses who do not love each other. One ignores the reason. Then one day the friend of the one who hated the most gave two bouquets to a little boy to hand to the rival. One was of violets, but the other was very insulting. But there has been in the drama a false friend, who has warned Madame Renouard. When the bouquet is presented the *flics* are there and the little boy is arrested. For him it is an interview with Monsieur the Justice of the Peace. And between the friends of the two ladies it is a challenge to a duel. But the court of honour has decided that when one woman makes an insult to another it is not an affair for men. Perhaps soon because our girls make so much progress we will see two of them fight their own duels without only to pull each other's hair. Now they are content to leave it that Monsieur "la Justice" should settle the matter.

THERE are a lot of people who do foolish things like that in Paris just now, even when it is not a fête day. There was, for instance, the artist who went to the *salon* of the Independents at the Grand Palais. Perhaps he was a real artist, and that was why he took out a knife and cut one of the masterpieces of the Independents into ribbons. They have sent the poor man to a home to see if he is mad like the Independents say he must have been to destroy so beautiful a picture. But I, who have visited the exhibition, have much sympathy with him.



"Till she had taken her bath"

AND then there was the friend of Marthe Regnier, who so absent-mindedly took away her sapphire ring and sold it, while he waited till she had taken her bath. Poor fellow, he, too, occupies the attention of Monsieur "la Justice," and there are many girls who tell me it is very sad, because he was so good a dancer.

PHILIPPE

GOT IT IN ONE!

MEDIUM: "I am in touch with a man whose name begins with 'E'"

CLIENT: "Ah! My 'Enery!"

By A. H. D'EGVILLE

LE DERNIER CRI DE PARIS

A LEWIS STRAW HAT

In brown with a kind of imitation osprey strands on the brim. The crown is of shiny ribbon

IN STRAW AND SATIN

The transparent brim discovers the high "sugar loaf" crown. The sole trimming is a drooping ostrich plume at one side in a lighter blue than the hat

A CHARMING DINNER HAT

In black velvet banded with ospreys

A DELIGHTFUL DINNER GOWN

A loose sack coat may be worn over this dinner or afternoon dress. It is made in seal brown brocaded with old gold

Here we have some of the very latest things in Paris Spring fashions. Just now they are new to Paris, which means that in a week or two they will be new to London. They are all very charming and not very startling, except, perhaps, that on the left worn by the lady with the bare knees. But we are not absolutely certain that this person isn't a "young visiter"

FRUITFUL INSPIRATIONS

By A. A. THOMSON

(The Queen's Hall Orchestra recently produced a symphony inspired by a plum.)

For me in life no terrors lurk;
My lot is not a hard 'un;
My daily toil I never shirk;
My inspiration and my work
Both lie in Covent Garden.

Whene'er I wish to give my band
New tunes, your souls to harrow,
I say: "Let's all go down the Strand
And purchase, with a lavish hand,
Bananas from a barrow."

And if I want to orchestrate
Some soothing *obligatos*,
I simply stand and meditate
Before a large and bulging crate
Of juicy, ripe tomatoes.

My art is pleasantly unique
In this prosaic, drab age;
A sweet "*Sonata Pathétique*"
I write upon a full-blown leek;
Concertos on a cabbage.

Composers born to blush unseen
Have now a chance to chip in,
Since I with perfect ease can glean
A *berceuse* from a butter-bean,
Tone-poems from a pippin.

But if thus madly I pursue
Each thing that has a stem on,
What awful fate have I in view?
What do you think I'll turn into?

The answer is: "A lemon!"

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

EVENING AT THE FORD

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

"Birds in the Hand—"

"Why don't you accept Tony—he has a wonderful future?"
"Not for me, kid; I prefer the men with the wonderful presents."

BY NORMAN KEENE

Her All for Him: AN ALL-THRILL TALE FULL OF THROBS

By FRANK ELIAS

[*If you have not read earlier instalments of this charming story, that is your fault, not ours, isn't it?*]

SUMMARY

THE DUKE OF SWISS COTTAGE, O.B.E.

has for years been indulging secretly in his passion for ha'penny nap, until at last there are three bills of sale out on the same furniture. He has even had to part with the magnificent family motor-bicycle. He sees ruin staring him in the face, and realises that unless money can be raised within the next fortnight—at the end of which time the bills fall due—everything, including the ancient and stately home of the family, Swiss Cottage, is lost. At last, though he realises that, having triplicated his bills of sale, he is in danger of criminal proceedings, he determines to tell his son—

LUDOVIC, MARQUIS OF WIGAN

Ludovic, a pivotal man in the love business, is a handsome youth. His well-knit figure in its ready-for-service suit is one that you would notice anywhere.

Ludovic, apprised of his father's position, determines to go to America, there to retrieve his family's fortunes. He spends the day with a pet retriever, learning retrieving in all its branches, and the next morning rising before he goes to bed, he sets out for the West with nothing to guide him but a sixpenny compass. He carries a red pocket-handkerchief containing his few modest requirements—a *crêpe de Chine* slumber-suit, his dress clothes, a toothpick, and a banana—and presently arrives at a port where he embarks. Suppressing his exalted title, he is content to describe himself as Ludy Cruss.

On landing in America he is, nevertheless, recognised at once by—

WALTER TRIPE

A villain of the deepest dye obtainable since the German trade secret was withdrawn. Look at his face, look at it hard. Commit it to memory. Some day, when your jewellery is missing, you may want to remember it and fail.

It is a handsome face, but, in strict conformity with the tradition governing membership of the world's National Villains Union, saturnine. If it were not he could not claim out-of-work benefit when there was nothin' doin'.

Walter is manager to—

EDWIN SNIVELL

Who is engaged in the great key industry of resharpening safety razor blades. Waking or sleeping, he is never without his super-corona and his telephone. Every chamber in his beautiful home has its 'phone. There is one in the hen-run. The girl at the exchange always knows when the hen has laid an egg. He is a kindly man apart from a curious habit, when roused, of biting peoples' ears off. Tripe has made himself indispensable to his master, who would like to see a match between his manager and his daughter—

ANÆMIA

This lovely thing, a paper pattern of which is given away with this week's issue, is just twenty-one. She has been content to be so for years. Highly romantic, she turns from the bloated, middle-aged, triple-chinned Walter to picture what it must be like to be loved—really loved—by a young English peer—a belted earl—not a chap with cheap braces.

(*And now to the great work.*)

ARRIVED in the great city, Ludy, as we must now call him, could find no work.

Yet his fortnight would not last for ever. One morning he looked at his watch and saw it was Tuesday. Two days only were left in which to make his fortune. He had offered to tune pianos, to draw teeth, to teach physical exercises to silkworms—but nobody would employ him.

One day only remained. Yet Ludy was not for nothing the inheritor of noble blood. At this time he possessed no more than he stood up in. He had even been compelled to sell his slumber suit to purchase the crust of *pâté de foie gras* that stood between him and starvation.

Yet, courageous still, he strode into Broadway, where his attention was attracted by a notice in a palatial office.

"WANTED, A PERSON TO DO PLAIN SEWING."

Boldly he advanced. A menial, an office boy, opened the door. "We don't want any to-day, nor yet to-morrow," he said, shutting the door.

But not for nothing did Ludy carry in his veins the blood of ancestors, who, coming over with the Conqueror, had sold sewing-machines to maids at Hastings. With one deft movement he split a panel and stepped through.

"I have come about the situation," he explained.

At that moment the Manager, none other than Walter Tripe, caught him by the neck and kicked him downstairs.

But not for nothing was Ludy a scion of a house which had sold an encyclopædia to the penurious Henry VII. Springing nimbly to his feet, he swung himself upon a window-ledge. Then, kicking a neat hole in a pane, he stepped into a splendidly upholstered room. Seated at a roll-top desk, which might have come direct from the Taj Mahal, he saw the great head of the firm of Edward Snivell.

He did not realise, as we do, that the name of the man before him was one at which Wall Street shook; at which Threadneedle Street trembled; and Kensington High Street went barmy.

"Well?" said the great magnate, "how can I serve you?"

"I called about the situation, sir," said Ludy, simply.

"Ah!" cried the great Snivell. "Sit right there and put me wise. And so my little proposition has brought you here?"

"Me for it," answered Ludy, falling into the happy speech of the great, whose air he breathed.

"It for you," said the master, who judged a man at sight. "Good men are scarce," he continued. "I don't want to know who you are. You enter my service. And as I am now going home, where you will be expected to do plain sewing from 1 a.m. to midnight, we will push off."

"HER ALL FOR HIM" (continued)

As the pair passed through the outer office, a baleful glare followed them. Had we traced the source of that incandescent burner we should have found it in the office of the general manager, Walter Tripe.

CHAPTER XXXXXXII

"My daughter," said Snivell. "Anæmia, this is our new plain sewer."

"Pleased to meet you," answered the lovely girl, using, as to the manner born, the language of Courts.

"Mine's the pleasure," said our young aristocrat, gallantly, and then their eyes met. Reader, when eyes meet they do not shake hands, but they do everything else. The pair knew that irrevocably they were for ever one.

"You will please show Mr. Ludy Cruss his duties."

The girl, blushing, moved towards an ottoman, which was one of the chief glories of the place.

Our hero stepped towards her. "My lovely instructor——."

"Please be seated while I teach you your duties," she murmured.

"Ah!" cried he, "my dear father has taught me that!"

She looked at him curiously. There was some dark mystery about this young man.

"Your father?'" she said.

"Yes, he was the son of my grandfather. Oddly enough, he is a descendant also of my great-grandmother."

CHAPTER XXXXXXIII

Time was going on. He had only a few hours in which to save his ancient home from ruin.

He was sitting in a small apartment near the French café known as the Scandinavian Plain Sewing Room but he could not work. He thought of two things, the honour of his house and of the lovely creature who had given him his first lesson in plain sewing Then suddenly at 9.35 a great idea burst upon him. He had tried to keep these ideas apart. But were they not inevitably related?

Why wait? Why be bothered with forty chapters of misunderstanding when she was ready for service now? Dare he? What about Faint Heart? . . .

A moment later he was in the lift flying to one of her favourite boudoirs on the 73rd storey.

"I have something important to say," he began.

"Something that cannot wait?" she parleyed.

"Wait?" he cried, thinking of his father. "I should jolly well think it can't wait! Darling!" he went on, dropping his voice so low that he nearly sprained his neck later bending to pick it up. "I find I cannot live without you. You are my star, my jewel, my rose, my pink pill. Will you be mine?"

But she rose coldly.

(Continued on page 524)

Another "Bystander" Special Next Week

In case you have not heard anything of the falling pound or the rising dollar, "The Bystander" is devoting next week's issue to the subject.

Over 60 Drawings

In Colour and Black and White by the following artists :—

Captain Bairnsfather
E T Reed
Wilmot Lunt
Chas. Grave
Oberlé
Samanos
C. E B Bernard
Hugh Williams
Dyke White
Bert Thomas
H L. Oakley
Arthur Watts
Alfred Leete
Verpilleux
Barrett
Brightwell
W. E. Wigfull
Ricardo Brook
D'Egville
Marcel Capy
Heath Robinson
Graham Simmons
MacMichael
Hart Harvey
Helen McKie
Marcel Poncin
F. Buchanan
H. Earnshaw
Collington Taylor
Higgins

ARTICLES, HUMOROUS SKITS AND VERSES BY

Arnold Golsworthy
"Blanche"
Harford Worlock
W. L. George
J. M Bulloch
Collinson Owen
A. P Herber
Frank Elias
Reginald Arkell
G S Sandilands
"Jingle"
&c. &c &c

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY
The Bystanders in Berlin, Paris, and Cologne

ON SALE
Wed., March 3rd., ONE SHILLING.

A STERLING NUMBER INDEED

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Sort of Thing They Would Recognise!

PRECOCIOUS YOUNG MARTIAN: "What are those funny looking bumps on Earth, papa?"
FATHER: "Bumps? They're not bumps, my boy, they're dumps—army dumps!"

BY C. E. B. BERNARD

"HER ALL FOR HIM" (*concluded*)

"Had you better not return to your needle?" she said.

A flush darkened his cheek. "Ha, you scorn me! I go! But I shall return! You shall cower at my feet, aye, and beg forgiveness! *Au revoir!*" . . .

For long the girl lay, shaken with sobs. But hark, what was that? Quickly she sprang to her feet as Walter Tripe stepped forth, a sardonic smile on his hard face.

"Allow me to felicitate you, my beauteous Anæmia, on returning Presumption to its place. May I hope now that my own tender aspirations may be heard with a little less contempt?"

"Leave me, sir!" cried the proud girl, coldly.

But the villain sprang forward. "Never!" he cried. "You shall and will be mine. Know you not, proud beauty, that I have your father's consent in writing, duly witnessed and sealed?"

"Know it?" she repeated, bitterly. "Too well I know that old chestnut!"

"What!" he hissed, seizing her wrist. "You would dare to treat me as no better than this vile hireling?"

"I would he were here now to protect me from your vile advances!"

Hark, what was that? Someone was bounding upstairs. In the next moment the bounder—none other than our hero—had whirled through the door. To take in the situation was the work of a second. He paused, concentrating his gaze upon Tripe. Then very quietly Ludy spoke, "Kennel!"

Tripe, abashed, cowed, broken, shrank from the room.

Chapter XXXXXXIV

Her eyes brimming, the girl turned to her deliverer. "Ludy!"

The man stood there proudly. "Madam, ere you proceed, let me inform you of this fact. I am *not* the mere hireling you imagine. My father is most respectably employed. He is a duke by trade."

She grew pale. "A peer of the realm! Alas! I am undone."

Quickly advancing, he drew forth his needle.

"Then my place is at your side."

Yet she turned away her face, murmuring, "'Tis not for a simple girl like me."

"Hush!" he said. "There is but one word I want to hear. I am giving you another chance. Anæmia, will you be my wife?"

She breathed a whisper.

"Can't hear!" he cried. "Will you be mine?"

Again she whispered.

"Speak out. I still can't hear," he shouted.

Suddenly an idea came to her. She looked up happily.

"Y for Yoland.
E for Ernie.
S for Stanley," she said.

. . . . . .

An hour later a cable message was on its way across the Atlantic. Had we been privileged to receive it we should have read, "Rescued."

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

"The Interrupted Jazz"

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "Dead Heat," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17 in. by 12 in., at 1s. each.

STARCH AND SMUGNESS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I HATE Starch . . . . almost as much as Smugness. Starch irritates me physically almost as much as Smugness irritates me mentally.

Why do we still submit to its arrogant interference with the joy of our nightly jazz? It is the fashion now to wear soft silk collars by day. Why not by night?

To me the starched rag is typical of a hypocritical morality. That is probably why it was so favoured by the virgin Elizabeth.

I can understand its appeal to old men. The artificially created stiffness may stimulate their limp imagination.

Personally, I hate the influence of Starch on the mentality. I hate its essential Stupidity. I hate its Attitude. I hate its Religion. I even hate it as a Food.

* * * * * * * * *

Perhaps the one good thing Armageddon brought in its train was the temporary deposition of Starch. Starch, it was declared was unpatriotic and not even its most fervent devotee dare appear in public with his stomach plastered, or his neck encircled with a valuable food stuff without the risk of being accused of starving the women and children.

So the soft shirt and soft collar crept into the smuggest of dining rooms and drawing rooms, in which the Great Victorian Tradition still dragged out its smug and stuffy existence.

But the twin gods of Respectability and Convention leaned out from their Victorian Olympus and heard the cry of the dethroned monarch.

* * * * * * * * *

Peripatetic suites rallied to the aid of Starch, and involved the old Victorian Gods of Respectability. Smugness—coupled always with the name of Starch.

The ideal attire for the male, they cried in chorus, and must include a "stout sensible" mackintosh, a "stout, sensible" umbrella, "stout sensible" boots —and "stout, sensible" Starch.

That is Masculine, that is virile, that is respectable.

So once anew we plaster our bosoms with food stuffs, festoon our necks with rags soaked in it, and the dear old gods fold their arms and smile their blessing.

* * * * * * * * *

But the world of to-day is wary of tyranny in any shape or form, and has actually begun to question laws which were assumed as rigid, even if as meaningless, as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The world has begun to ask "Why?" and the tyrant god can only bluster and bray "Because it's so respectable."

Queen Anne was respectable, but Queen Anne is dead.

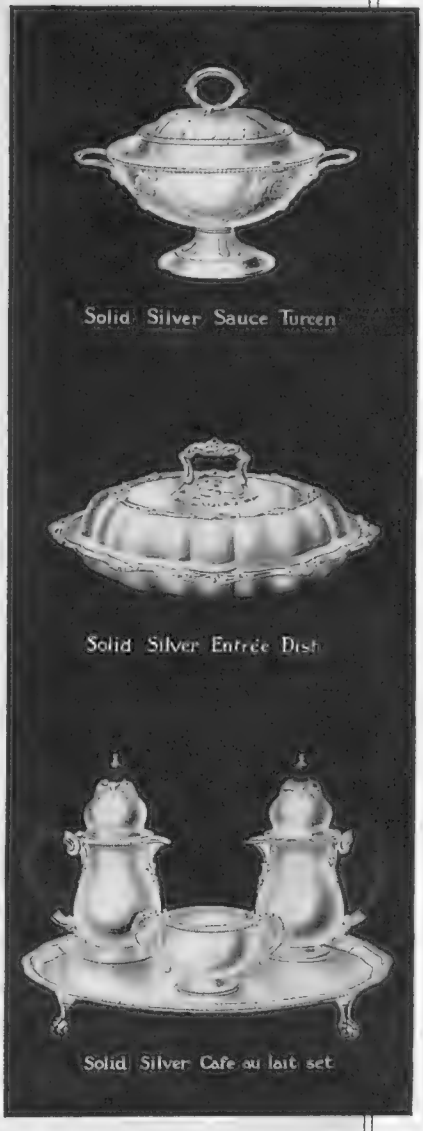
* * * * * * * * *

This trifling tirade is probably the outcome of my collar being a little tight, at the same time as myself.

Arresting, however, the mental flights on material things which are no concern of Pope & Bradley, I may mention that my House follows no "Convention" in the style of its productions. That is why it has achieved success. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. & 11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

BY APPOINTMENT



WEDDING SILVER

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have a most comprehensive collection of Solid Silver Tea and Coffee Services, Entrée Dishes, Fruit and Salad Bowls and Canteens of Spoons, Forks and Cutlery, together with many other delightful articles in Solid Silver especially suitable for Wedding Presents.

A selection of articles suitable for Wedding Gifts will be sent for approval if desired, carriage paid and at the Company's risk.

Illustrated is:—A Solid Silver Sauce Tureen with Cover, reproduction of an antique, period George III. per pair £35 : 0 : 0

A Solid Silver Entrée Dish, oval shaped with Shell and Scroll Border, reproduction of Antique, period George III., convertible into two dishes by removing handle. £35 : 0 : 0

A Solid Silver Café au Lait set, comprising Coffee and Milk Jugs and Sugar Basin on 10 inch solid silver Waiter. £38 : 15 : 0

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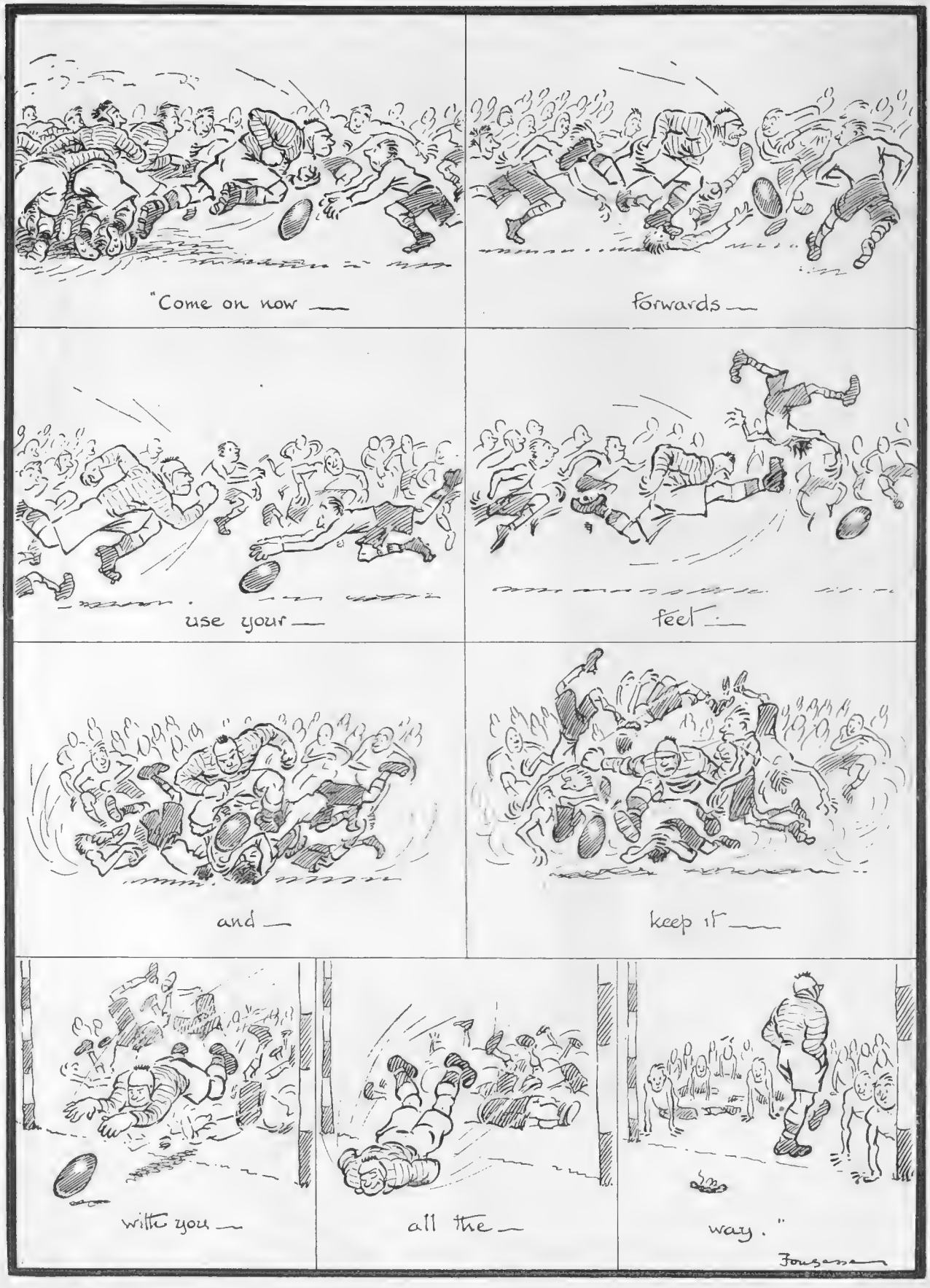
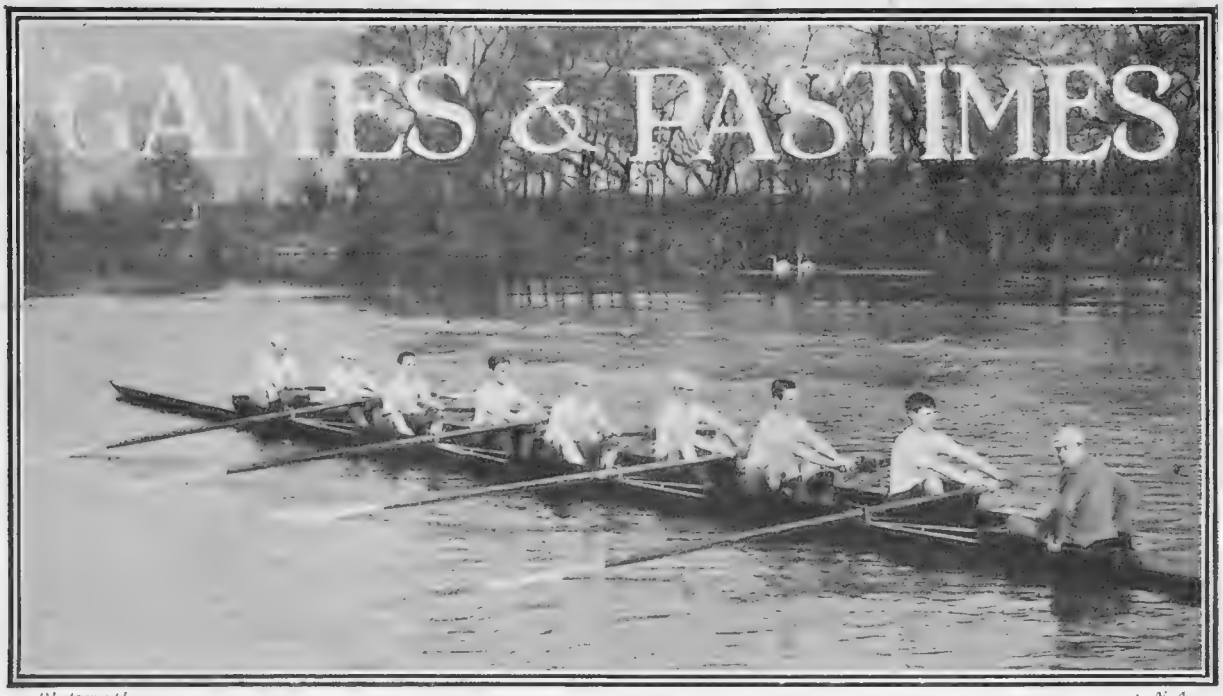
"Heftitude"



BEING THE QUALITY THAT MAKES THE "RUGGER" PLAYER

BY FOUGASSE



Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE ETON LIGHT BLUE CREW

Winners of the trial eights at Eton which were rowed in Datchet Reach on Wednesday last against a strong stream. They beat the Dark Blue crew by a clear length. Believers in omens will doubtless see in this "Light Blue" victory a tip for the 'Varsity Boat Race. Names: J. A. McNab (bow), R. W. Paine (2), S. Joel (3), J. A. Young (4), C. B. Barrington (5), G. Burton-Stewart (6), J. A. N. Mosley (7), A. V. Campbell (stroke), N. R. Seely (cox)

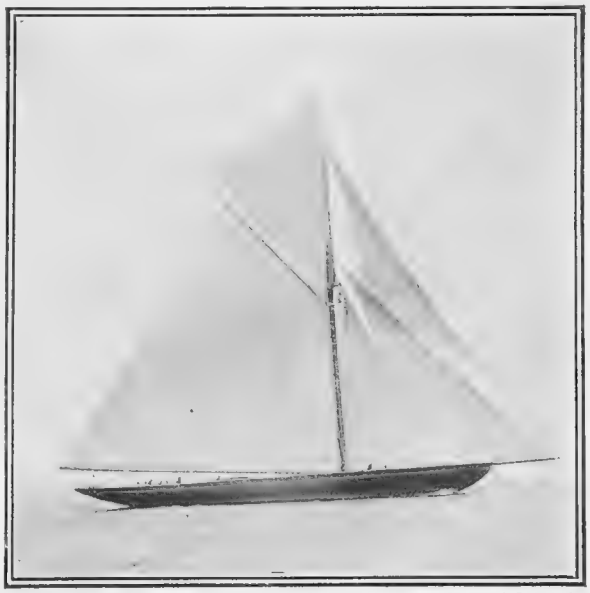
YACHTING

Britannia Rediviva

Almost gratifying announcement was made last week at the annual general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association to the effect that the King's famous cutter, *Britannia*, would be fitted out again for racing in the handicap classes. This should be an incentive to a good many other owners to do likewise with a view to the honour of competing against the Royal yacht in the big classes. Should his engagements admit of it, his Majesty will sail on board of *Britannia* during the regattas of the Clyde fortnight in July; if he does, it will be the first occasion on which a reigning monarch has raced on board of his own yacht on the Clyde.

The America Cup

The provisional arrangements for the America Cup races, which I outlined in The Bystander of February 11, have now been confirmed, and the races will be held over the old course at Sandy Hook, beginning on July 15. It now appears to be certain that some alterations in the trim of *Shamrock* are contemplated, and that they will be carried out under the directions of her designer, Mr. Nicholson; but the information which has been cabled over is not sufficiently clear to enable one to arrive at their exact nature. It is said that her keel is to be reduced in length from 35 ft. to 30 ft., with the object, presumably, of making her quicker in stays, but we are not told whether its present weight is to be retained, or whether, if it is reduced, there is to be any reduction in her sail area. The statement that Mr. Nicholson proposes to give her a greater tendency to heel to a breeze and so enable her to sail on a longer waterline, must, one would imagine, be taken *cum grano*. The essence of a good design is that it produces the maximum of efficiency in a boat when she is heeling, and Mr. Nicholson may be taken to have seen to that already, unless, of course, *Shamrock* behaved differently in her pre-War trials from what he expected.



Photograph *Sport and General*

'BRITANNIA"

The King's famous racing cutter, which is to be fitted out this season for racing in the Handicap classes. His Majesty hopes to sail on board of her during the Clyde Fortnight

ROWING

Berrisford's Retirement

The event of importance last week was the retirement of E. A. Berrisford, of Queen's, the O.U.B.C. President, from the Oxford boat. He was stroke of the Oxford No. 1 crew at Henley last summer, and at the beginning of training for the Boat Race he seemed likely to occupy that position again. However, after a prolonged trial he gave way to M. H. Ellis, who stroked the Shrewsbury School eight in 1918, when it beat Eton, and again last summer at Henley, when it won the Elsenham Cup. He was also

stroke of the winning trial eight at Oxford last December, and has shown great natural adaptability for his important post.

A Record of Sorts

After relinquishing the stroke thwart, Berrisford for a time rowed bow, but last week he gave way to S. Earl (Eton and Magdalen), who had originally been tried at "three," and it was announced that this withdrawal was final. In 1894 the two 'Varsity Presidents, E. G. Monier-Williams (Oxford) and J. Edwards-Moss (Cambridge), were both prevented from rowing in the race by injuries, but unless Berrisford is wanted after all it is conceivable that he will be the spare man and will row if one of the crew drops out owing to indisposition—this will be the first time in the history of the race that a 'Varsity President has voluntarily stood down.

Cambridge Doing Well

It appeared at one time as if Oxford were going to be the heaviest crew that has ever rowed in the race, but when Ellis came in at stroke — he weighs only 10st. 4lbs.—it became necessary to reduce the weight in the bows, which involved the dropping of a really good oar in R. S. C. Lucas (Eton and Magdalen), so that now there is practically no difference in the average weight of the two crews. Cambridge, so far, would seem to be the better balanced eight, and things have gone so well with them that the Blues have already been awarded.

Photograph *Sport and General*

E. A. BERRISFORD (Queen's)

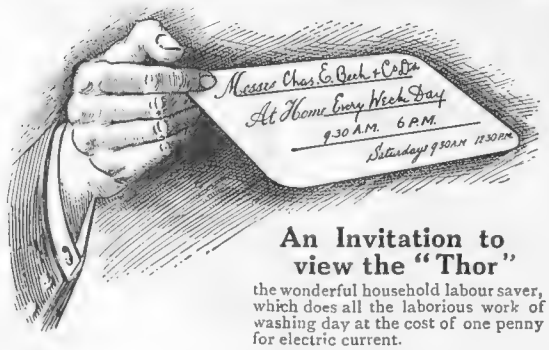
President of the Oxford University Boat Club, whose retirement from the Oxford eight was announced last week. If his decision holds good it will be the first occasion on which a 'Varsity president has stood down from the race when not prevented from rowing by illness or accident

RUGBY FOOTBALL

French Progress

The result of the third international match played by France this season, against Wales in Paris last week, has added another feather to her cap. It was a defeat, it is true, but a defeat of such a nature as to confirm the impression, already formed, that France, as a Rugby football playing nation, has arrived. Scotland, who subsequently beat Wales, only beat her by 5 points; England (beaten by Wales) also beat her by 5 points; and last week Wales just scraped home by a single point. In this last

(Continued on page 530)



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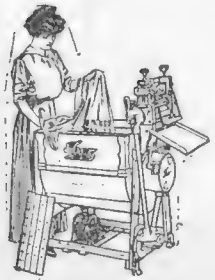

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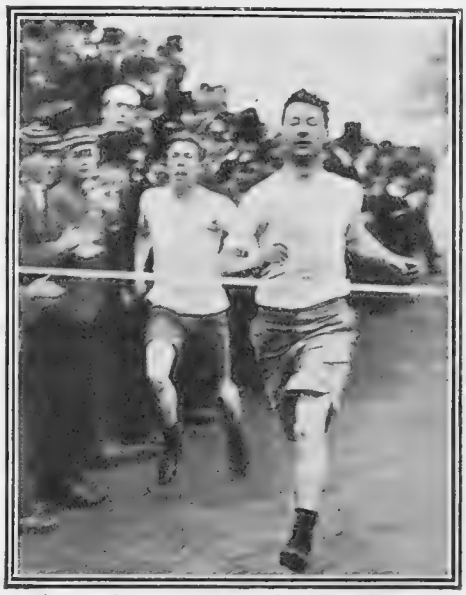
LONDON SW1

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

match in particular the French team showed no appreciable weakness in any department of the game.

Educated Onlookers

IF there is one thing which they have yet to acquire it is that intuitive power of doing the right thing — which is not always the obvious thing—at the moment when a chance presents itself. This, in a Rugby footballer, is a sort of seventh sense, which is seldom developed except by those who start playing when quite young. But the Frenchmen will have it very soon. Another noticeable thing is that French crowds now understand the game quite well—which they certainly did not before the War—and can look on at a match in which their own people are being beaten without jumping to the conclusion that they are the victims of a vile conspiracy. There is, in fact, very little likelihood of a recurrence of the "scene" at the England *v.* France match of 1914.



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

I. J. PITMAN

Winning the mile race in the Eton College Sports. He is a fine all-round athlete, being a boxer, an oarsman, and a footballer as well as a runner

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I. J. PITMAN, the winner of the Eton Senior Mile, bids fair to be one of the finest all-round athletes that Eton has ever produced. Last year in the sports he won the Senior Steeplechase, the Hammer, and the Long Jump, but was debarred as a previous winner from competing in the Mile. The rule barring previous winners has now, however, been abolished, and this has enabled him to repeat his success of 1918. He has also won the Middle-Weight Boxing at Eton, is captain of the Rugby football fifteen, and of the Oppidan Wall, and rowed 4 for a time in the Eton Light Blue trial eight, though he did not actually compete in the race, which took place two days after he won the Mile. H. S. S.

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With the Belvoir and Hertfordshire

Photograph *Sport and General*

This group of some well-known followers of the Belvoir Hounds at Croxton Park includes Lady Granby, Lady Ursula Manners, Major Peto, Major T. Bouch (the Master), Mrs. Bouch, Lady Robert Manners and Mrs. Holmes

Photograph *Graphic Photo Union*

An animated scene at the meet of the Hertfordshire, at Broadwater near Stevenage, last week. The Prince of Wales was again out with Lord Cavan's pack and came in for a good day's sport

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET WHO LOVES RACING

Sir Hedworth Meux was born a Lambton, so it need hardly be said that he is a Turf enthusiast, both under Jockey Club and N.H. Rules

By "The Tout"

Sir Hedworth

It will be agreed that "The Tout" has given us a remarkably good picture of Sir Hedworth Meux this week. Since he left the Navy, the gallant Admiral of the Fleet has become a regular racegoer, and the successes of Sir Douglas, Dansellon, and several others has whetted his appetite for more. No less keen on racing than Lord Durham, Mr. George Lambton, and his other brothers, he is one of those owners who believe in giving practical support to National Hunt sport as well as to flat-racing. I happened to see Sir Douglas a few days ago. The colt is looking very well, but the leg on which he broke down last year is still under suspicion.

The Lincoln

If I were you I should not be in any violent hurry to back anything for the Lincoln. The so-called market is a bit wobbly at present, and I doubt whether you will lose much by waiting until nearer the date of the race. At the moment of writing Bruff Bridge has been promoted to favouritism, and I suppose we may now take it that Captain "Bob" Dewhurst is satisfied that the colt will stay the Lincoln mile and prove a better representative of the stable than Clarion. I think the latter colt is one that might be followed with advantage during the season.

Fickle Rumour

My own fancy for the Lincoln from the first has been Sir Berkeley. Curious stories have been afloat that Steve Donoghue had some trouble with him when he rode him at exercise recently. I set little store on those reports, and I fully expect Sir Berkeley will be the ultimate favourite if his stable displays any confidence in him.

The National

As for the Grand National, I have no reason to revise, at present, the good words I have previously said for the Irish horses, Ballyboggan and Troytown. It would be foolish, of course, not to entertain a wholesome respect for the favourite, for we have seen him "do it" at Aintree in great style, and so far as weight is concerned, his task will be not much more formidable next month.

"Troytown"

I doubt, however, whether he will concede that extra 7 lb. to Ballyboggan, as sound a jumper as Ireland has ever produced. As for Troytown—well, we have to take his stamina on trust, but nobody will be surprised if he proves himself to be a very great Aintree performer.

Newbury—

This week we are having plenty of racing in the south, and it will be delightful to be racing at Newbury again on Wednesday and Thursday. We are likely to see a few Grand National horses in the Newbury Steeplechase on the first day, and I have an idea that **Mythical** will be good enough to beat them at the weights. For the Greenham Hurdle Handicap on the following day I shall take an interest in **Killigray.**

—And Kempton

Then comes Kempton Park at the end of the week. **Vertigo** I regard as something like a good thing for the Rendlesham Hurdle Handicap, while the same stable has a good chance of winning the Fulwell Hurdle Handicap with **Kirkharle** on the following day.

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A New Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

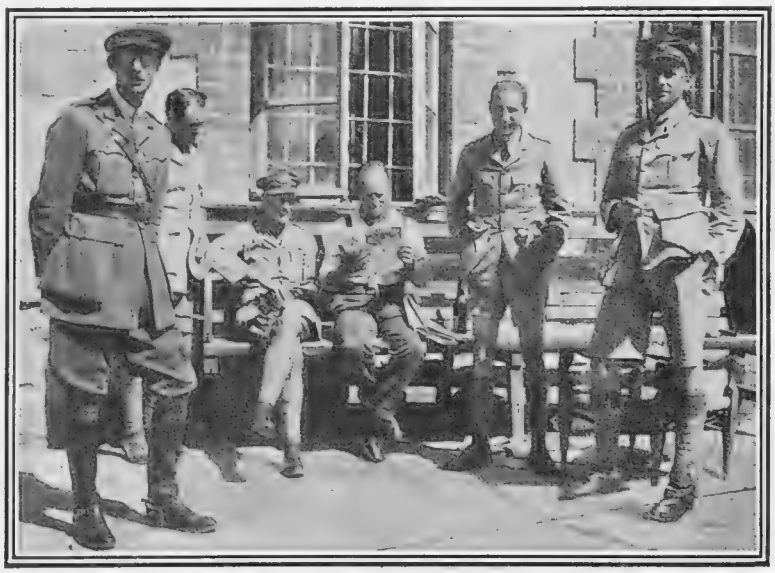
SHREWD judges are saying that amongst the younger writers the most promising man is Mr. Aldous Huxley, poet, satirist, and now, as you can see for yourself by reading his first book, *Limbo* (Chatto and Windus: 5*s.* net), story-teller, humorist, and philosopher. *Limbo* is a slim book of pleasant appearance, which contains one long story and some half-dozen shorter pieces. The long story is amazingly good. The "Farcical History of Richard Greenow" is told so knowingly, so bluntly, and so unusually as to compel your attention. It has nothing in common with the ordinary magazine stuff, but is a piece of queer, up-to-date fantasy very skilfully handled, provocative, mirthful, better still, Huxleyan. The terrible experience which befalls young Dick Greenow is not in itself absolutely original, but that does not matter. As yet it is not hackneyed, even if you happen to have read all the Neo-Freudian books. (What this experience is I refuse, in fairness to Mr. Huxley, to divulge.) But it is put forth with so much playful effrontery, with so delightful a disregard for the stupid conventions of a certain class of writers, and with such sprightly scholarship, as to make an appeal altogether out of the ordinary. The end of poor Dick is horribly tragic, but you are spared a lump in the throat. With owlish wisdom Mr. Huxley has given his "History" a comforting and explanatory epithet.

THE shorter pieces are equally delightful and unexpected, although the playlet, "Happy Families," will, I expect, be too involved or symbolic for the average reader. But make no mistake. Aldous Huxley, hitherto known to few outside the readers of *Wheels*, *Coterie*, and other such Neo-Georgian publications, is a name to bear in mind. Whither his pen will guide him—we have yet to read his collected verse—it is impossible to say, but don't miss his books, even though his views may not always be to your liking. In particular do not miss *Limbo*, which is one of the most encouraging first books published for some time.

THERE is, by the way, another short prose piece by Mr. Huxley in the third number of *Coterie* (Hendersons: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), which continues its startling career. Osbert Sitwell contributes another of those wicked satires of his, which will one day worry the great ones Most Dreadfully. Mr. Douglas Goldring, however, in his article on writers and critics, is nasty and snappy, and . . . no, this page is devoted to that logrolling which he so greatly dislikes. *Coterie*, then, even with Mr. Goldring's article, shall have its good notice. Buy it and see.

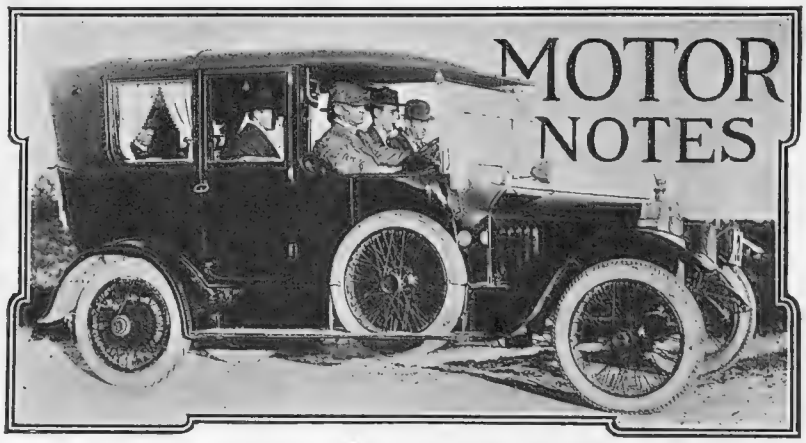
IN his time, I expect, Mr. Perceval Gibbon has met with strange adventures in many an out-of-the-way corner. His short stories certainly have all sorts of backgrounds. A new collection appears under the title of *Those Who Smiled* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), a volume which demands to be read at a sitting if you can manage it. They are really admirable tales. The War comes in here and there, but not too much. One story, called "Plain German," is of particular interest, just now when the Huns are refusing to give up their war-criminals. Mr. Gibbon shows how Germany will sacrifice even a Prussian colonel if it be worth while. And then there is a delicious little yarn of a performing dog, which is perhaps the most original story of all. Mr. Gibbon seems to have mastered the difficult secret of the short story, and his book is mightily good.

FOR a first novel, Miss Diana Patrick's *The Wider Way* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is at once most engaging and vaguely disappointing. It is written with a shade too much flamboyance, but brightly and well, and Veronica Quening, with her beauty and wit—too much wit for thirteen perhaps—is a joyous young person. But her story, for all its cleverness, is too hackneyed. That old hidden will is dragged forth once again, and, of course, the nursery-gardener who treats her so badly is not her real father. The exceedingly aristocratic Earl who dies so very speedily is her grandfather, as you fully expect. Veronica's unfortunate affair with Valentine Chaumier is the direct cause of her disastrous marriage to the German Linders, but Chaumier behaves in a remarkably altruistic manner when a divorce is required. However, if the story be hackneyed, it is skilfully told.



AT VLADIVOSTOCK: AWAITING THEIR RETURN HOME

A group of officers of the 1/9th Battalion, the Hampshire Regiment, in Siberia. This battalion relieved that of Colonel Ward at Omsk, and was at one time 3,500 miles from the base, and completely isolated. The photograph was taken while the battalion was awaiting a boat. It will be noticed that "The Bystander" penetrates wherever the Army goes!



MOTOR NOTES

MR. P. A. MORRIS'S 25-h.p. VAUXHALL CAR

Which was second in the Automobile Club of Australia's petrol test last year. Weighing 5,347 lbs., this car made a ton mileage of 52·46, coming very near to the winning car, which, weighing 3,990 lbs., made a ton mileage of 53·78

In case of failure in the council chamber, the Automobile Association are organising the hustings so as to meet all eventualities in regard to the ever-rising price of petrol and other motor fuels. This is taking the form of a monster petition, which it is expected to be signed by more than ten million owners, drivers, users, and others, asking the Prime Minister to take such action as may be necessary to reduce the present price of such fuel, and to control same from soaring to such a figure that practically puts an effective bar against road transport with power vehicles. Consequently, all who are desirous of supporting this attempt to obtain cheaper fuel for cars should notify the A.A. their willingness to sign the petition aforesaid. Cost of motor fuel supplies affects everyone, whether he is possessed of a motor vehicle or not, just as high railway rates affect everybody in the country. Therefore, it is to the interest of the entire population that every effort to reduce the cost of transport should be made. What puzzles me at the moment is how are you going to reduce the price of petrol when you have no control over the source of supply? I should love to be able to buy it at ninepence a gallon, as in the days of yore, but as I have not got an oil well of my own at the bottom of my garden, I, like everybody else, have to import same and pay the price the other fellow who has got the well chooses to ask me for it. He is too far away to hit him and take what I want, so I pay. I wonder if any genius has found a stick long enough to hit the oilman, and is including this as an "exhibit" with the petition. Anyway, it won't hurt you to sign.

* * *

Five motor char-à-bancs are to run daily between London and Brighton, so the joy rest-houses on the wayside there will once more regain their bright and flowing aspect. Strange to say, when the promoters of this enterprise applied to the authorities for license to run this service a condition was made that every vehicle should be fitted with a glass reflector, so that the driver can see vehicles overtaking him. O! Shades of Janson, fancy overtaking the original Napier motor-coach. Never on your likely! unless it was while Jerry, Massac, your humble, and the whip, to say nought about Cundy, took a refresher as big as possible like any other member of the bar. I notice the Hotel Victoria, in Northumberland Avenue, is being renovated, so wondered if the new motor coaches to Brighton would start from there, just as Janson's original motor-coach service did ten, fifteen — no! no!

(*Continued on page 540*)

STRAKER SQUIRE

THE brains and experience that gave British aero-engines their unchallenged supremacy are largely responsible for the wonderful performance of the new Straker-Squire 20/25 H.P. "Six." The embodiment of speed and power, it will irresistibly appeal to the sportsman who desires a car that will hold its own with anything on the road.

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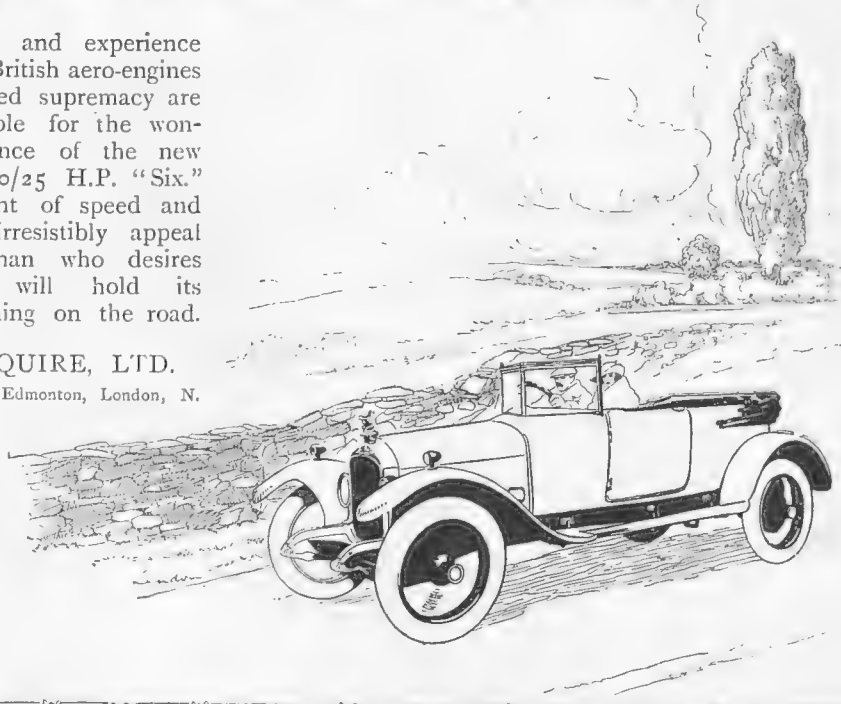

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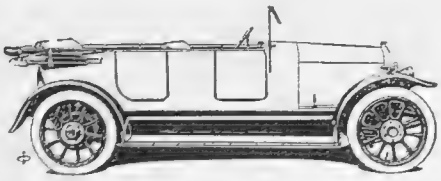

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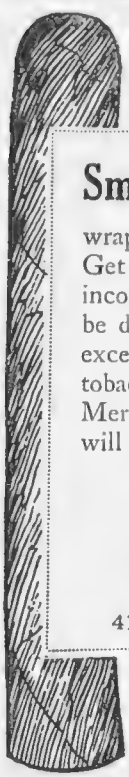

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

I won't say how many years ago that was, but it was not quite so bad as that, was it, Colonel?

***

But writing on mirrors reminds me that I did make the remark that it was funny that none of the cars at the Olympia Motor Show had this necessary accessory fitted to them, although they were in many cases supposed to be shown ready for the road "with all on." No sensible person owns a car that does not have a mirror fitted so the driver can see what is behind him; it is the first extra that is ordered with the car. Why this is not included, just as the horn is, or the electric light or the spare wheel, I never can quite fathom. It is about time it was, now Highway Committees, like that of Gloucestershire, recommend that a by-law should be made requiring that a mirror be provided on the offside of all motor vehicles to enable drivers to observe approaching traffic. What about the near-side driven cars under this regulation? I can see the Northampton Institute at Clerkenwell having to get out a new optical delusion—I beg pardon, illusion—a sort of Pepper's Ghost arrangement, to throw the image from the "off" to the "near" side, and Gordon Smith bringing out another brand-new accessory catalogue on the strength of it. Really, these County Councillors don't realise how far-reaching are their resolutions at times when they do a bit of good work.

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Ashford aircraft factory has been purchased by Messrs. Gaston, Ltd., the concessionaires of the French quantity production car, the Citröen, in order that these can be properly tuned up before delivery to agents and private purchasers. Major Cockrell, who is in charge of the motor side of this firm, has appointed Mr. Eustace S. Meddings as manager of this distributing depot, and thus ensures the job being properly looked after. Possibly many will remember that Mr. Meddings, after being demobbed from the Tanks, joined up with the Daimler Hire Company, and while there organised, during the railway strike, the passenger-car service between London and Manchester, which was run daily with conspicuous success. As some 4,000 Citröen cars have been sold in this country, Mr. Meddings will have plenty to do, as each one will pass through these works and be tested, so that their buyers can be certain to receive them in first-class condition, "mechanically and otherwise," to quote Mr. Cecil Broadhurst. By-the-bye, Cecil, what do you get for "otherwise" nowadays? I long for light.

Old Hy.

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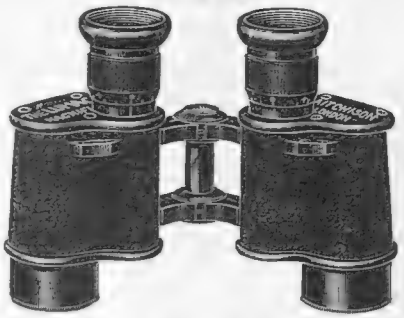

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Femina

THE CHATTEL AND THE LAW

By "CANDIDA"

THERE is an old platitude about worthy, well-meaning persons rushing in where people who might talk with the tongues of men and of angels prefer to say nothing. I am referring to the learned opinions lately expressed on the cash value of a wife. Ye gods! Will no one help to leaven the lump of the law with a little humour? Why is it written, and invariably accepted, that the wheels of the law must grind slowly, and that it would be unwise, nay almost indecent, to hurry them up? Must we always live with our brains in the twentieth century, and have the rest, our feelings and conduct, prescribed for us by the ethics of the first?

WAS it in the first century that a wife was her husband's "chattel," as the law picturesquely has it? I particularly like the word "chattel"; but let us be thankful; it might have been goods or baggage. The idea is far older, I believe. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox . . . nor anything that is his," was surely the first published hint of it. All this might have been said yesterday, for the house heads the list, and is not a house even now, particularly now, more difficult to find than a wife?

WHY should we immortalise the Oriental point of view in our legal language, we who live in the England of to-day? Sooner or later, any ungoverned emotion leads to the law courts, there to be confronted by an archaic "thou shalt not." It takes a lawyer to know the law, of course. But the miracle is that, knowing as little of it as we do, we manage, most of us, to live and die in the odour of respectability, if not of sanctity. Is this because our respectability depends on our emotions, or rather on our lack of them? If so, it follows that the "chattel" and her husband, now eternally in the Divorce Court, cannot manage to be as impassive as they used to be. Where is it, that vaunted, Anglo-Saxon *sang-froid* which, together with the checks, the whiskers and the front teeth, has contributed so long to the gaiety of nations—other nations of course? The chilly, self-control myth alone has survived the *débâcle* of the other symptoms. But "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea," and the most narrow-minded and tight-chested of theories will explode at last.

WE have realised it now that the "chattel" and her husband are no longer Vere-de-Verish in their repose, not of manner, but of feeling. They have married in haste to repent at

"They have married in haste to repent at—Brighton"

By Higgins

FEMINA (concluded)

Brighton, as someone has said. And the world, still being what it was, there comes, more often than not, a comforter, a might-have-been, so much more soothing and sympathetic and understanding than the brute whose dinner it is your dull duty to order morning after morning. The emotionless one looked upon that problem (the problem which keeps the bookseller busy all the year round) with a cold and disapproving eye. Duty is a jealous goddess who leaves little time for dreams; a wayward mistress who decrees that you shall not live pleasantly either with her, or without her. But the emotionless know better than to reason. Sufficient unto them is the daily business of keeping body and soul together, severely discouraging meanwhile anything that might become a shock to either. They will be comfortable at all costs, even at the price of stagnation. And when the heaven fall on the just and the unjust, the emotional and the emotionless, do the latter realise that it is not good to live in a narrow little rut which leads nowhere, not even to the Divorce Court?

OBVIOUSLY, these days are over; these people are a back number—again I refer you to your papers. Now that we can no longer deal with our emotions without calling in the help of the law, it is high time, don't you think, to reform that law? An idea, like the chattel one which has been allowed to take root and flourish for over two thousand years, might be considered to have had its fair and proper day. I know that the subject cannot be approached minus prejudice, and that few of us would dare, or care, to contribute anything startlingly fresh and original to a situation which has been worn threadbare ever since the Garden of Eden. But the law must really wake up. It has tied its red-tape knots most tightly about all the things in life worth living for; about love, for instance, and art and religion. Thanks to it love has become a disease—behold the Law Courts; art is an impossible ideal—look at the theatres, the pictures and the books; and religion is a vampire.

By MRS. JACK MAY

AMONG a certain powerful and representative fraternity the determination to retain at any cost the slim all-in-one frock reigns very strong. And to enforce this point of view, they are encouraging the vogue of the Redingote, which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be worn over frills, furbelows or crinolines. It is essentially a straight, shapely wrap, albeit, disposed to flare out a trifle at the sides. The Redingote proper, of course, is modelled in two parts, the lower added at a longish waist-line and slightly gathered. But in these days we allow titles to cover a multitude of varying expressions, and thus it is with the Redingote, a modern interpretation whereof is shown in accompanying sketch.

THE REDINGOTE WRAP
A modern interpretation whereof full details are given on this page

SKETCHED BY "NOREEN"

For practical service, one would suggest dark blue camels' hair cloth with collar and cuff facings of yellow and white checked wool. Or rust red with grey facings, would be smart, and ultra *chic*, the new shade of yellow—French mustard—relieved by touches of black. The pocket flaps will be noted as amusing; these are slightly stiffened so that they stand out and give the approved "hippy" effect, as though in defiance of the restrictions placed on the straight gown worn beneath. Of such, however, is the humour of *La Mode*, capricious dame as she is, leading us hither and thither as the mood takes her. That the Redingote will be readily accepted as the simplest initial solution of what to wear when we cast off our heavy fur wraps, is a foregone conclusion. It will any way help us to carry on, until such time as we know definitely where we are.

Let Old Time do its Worst

WE can in these days snap our fingers at the passing on of the years, since they do not necessarily carry with them all that makes life worth living to a woman. Many a young heart is hidden beneath a face lost to its youthful curves and firmness, and the world is all the worse off for the loss. How such a perverse condition can be circumvented is lucidly and clearly explained by Eve, not the Garden of Eden Eve, but one Elizabeth, of 55, Berners Street, Oxford Street, who has evolved a